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The National POLICE GAZETTE

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CREMATED BY A REJECTED SUITOR.

THE FIENDISH SPITE WHICH AN ALLEGED GENTLEMAN IN THE CITY OF MEXICO UNDERTOOK TO WREAK ON THE SWEETHEART
WHO HAD DISCARDED HIM.



RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.

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POLICE GAZETTE OF NEW YORK.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
183 WILLIAM STREET,
NEW YORK.

With No. 215 of the POLICE GAZETTE we inaugurated an addition to our famous and popular series of "Footlight Favorites." Henceforth we shall present with each issue two portraits of our most popular and famous actors and actresses. By preserving them our readers will be able to form a theatrical picture gallery of inestimable interest and value, such as no American journal has ever yet had the enterprise to furnish. In this as in other matters of importance to the public, the POLICE GAZETTE is, as usual, first in the field.

In No. 219 of the POLICE GAZETTE we will commence the publication of one of the most powerful criminal romances of the century, under the title of "Hush Money; or, the Murder in the Air." Look out for it. To miss it is to miss one of the literary treats of the age.

A PIous but uneducated judge closed a sentence with the following touching reproof: "Prisoner at the bar, nature has endowed you with a good education and respectable family connections, instead of which you go prowling around the country stealing ducks."

J. R. ALCEE GAUTHERAUX, once civil sheriff of the parish of Orleans, and at present a fugitive from justice, which desires his presence in New Orleans and in Toronto, Canada, now turns up, so says rumor, as a major in the Mexican army.

AND now a Nevada minister excuses Adam and says that he was merely vain. In his opinion Adam took the apple because he wanted Eve to think that he was used to the fruit before she discovered it.

THERE is a man in Peoria, Ill., who, during several years, has squandered almost \$18,000 in the Royal Havana and other lotteries, and he has never yet drawn a prize, but he is rapidly drawing near the poor house.

SHAKESPEARE knew a bank whereon the wild thyme grew, but he could scarcely have imagined so wild a time as Baldwin raised in the Newark bank.

A MURDERER, who killed a man for slandering his bride, was boldly discharged by a Mississippi judge. But then the judge's name was Valliant.

THE James gang have now taken to shooting each other. The prayers for their success in this new undertaking will be fervent.

THE Christiany divorce suit bids fair to prove damaging to both sides.

A DIVORCE suit at Shelbyville, Indiana, was the cause of a dramatic scene in court. It was the case of John W. Sandifer against Della Sandifer. After the divorce proceeding were ended the unhappy couple rushing together kissed each other, wept in each other's arms, and seemed to regret the proceedings which had just been accomplished in court. Judge Hord called the parties back, gave them a lecture on matrimonial felicity, revoked his decree of divorce and said that he would let the case stand till the next term of court. At this point in the scene the plaintiff's mother-in-law chimed in and declared she wanted the parties divorced. The judge then gave her a neat lecture. It appears that the young couple lived very happily, but were troubled with a bad case of mother-in-law, who was the cause of the separation, because of the limited circumstances of the young man.

TREASURER GILFILLAN has received a letter from a man in Caledonia County, Vt., who says that one cow of a number (he is unable to identify particularly) chewed and swallowed the contents of his pocketbook. There were in that pocketbook 20 \$10 bills, one \$20 silver certificate, and a \$5 note—in all \$225. There were also in the pocketbook two keys, "both of which," naively says the writer, "with pieces of the book were found upon the ground." He wants the United States to reimburse him for his loss. It cannot be done. The man will have to produce portions of the notes upon which the cow operated before he can recover from the United States.

A WOMAN in New Orleans found her husband lying in a state of intoxication in an alley. Instead of being exasperated she gently turned him over to a comfortable position and running her hand into his vest pocket she extracted a \$20 bill and remarked, "I reckon I've got the dead wood on that new bonnet I've been sufferin' for." She made a straight streak for the nearest millinery shop. Strong men wiped the moisture from their eyes at her heroic devotion to a husband who had by strong drink brought himself so low as to neglect to provide his wife with the common necessities of life.

EVERY year, at Christmas, the San Antonio Mexicans celebrate a kind of imitation of the "Passion Play" called "Pastores." The Virgin Mary, the Apostles, including Judas Iscariot, all appear and act their parts. On the last occasion of the play Judas was missing. "What has become of Judas?" asked one of the spectators of St. Peter, with whom he was well acquainted. "Judas be—," was the reply, "last year we had to choke him to make him give back the thirty pieces of silver that we gave him in the play, so this year we apostles won't let him stick his nose inside of the circus tent."

ABOUT a week ago a party of men were gathered in a saloon in Weiser City, Oregon, when a man named Miles who was generally considered a quiet citizen, mounted a card-table and began to crow and otherwise imitate a game bird spoiling for a fight, when Wheeler told him if he did not get down he would shoot him. Miles still kept up his demonstrations, when Wheeler carried his threat into execution, the ball passing through the right side of his victim and inflicting a dangerous wound, and now he wishes he had stuck to his own barriard.

JUDGE OWEN, of the Lincoln, Ky., circuit court, in a recent charge to the grand jury, said: In regard to murder, he regretted to say that he had never, in the nineteen years that he had filled the offices of commonwealth attorney and judge in that district, noticed such indifference to it. The killing of a horse or dog would, in nine cases out of ten, create more excitement than the killing of a man. He had found it almost impossible to convict a murderer, even on the plainest proof.

A NORTH CAROLINA bridegroom objected to being married to a woman who insisted upon marching up to the hymeneal altar in her bare feet, and was about to leave the room when the prospective bride seized him by the ear and at the same time her father asked him to peep into the muzzle of an ugly-countenanced revolver and to change his decision. He nabbed the most promising horn of the dilemma and took the usual iron-clad obligation to take the unshod charmer for better or for worse.

JIM DOWD, of Dallas, Texas, taking advantage of the fact that he lived in a free country, proceeded to denounce Mr. Parnell. Whereupon Pat Dolan, also relying upon the fact that he was in a free country, proceeded to batter Jim's head with railroad spikes until it was beat into such a jelly that it is not thought he will recover. These are some of the blessings which the sons of Old Ireland enjoy in the land of freedom.

A DISTINGUISHED lawyer of Columbus writes to a friend and advances the theory that Love, killed at Greenville, Miss., for slandering Mrs. Lanier, was insane. If he was, he was a very dangerous lunatic to be in society. A monomaniac on the subject of traducing female virtue is not a desirable individual to have around.

SERGEANT MASON keeps close watch on Guiteau's tactics and adopts them as far as possible. He has now written an insane letter to be used in his defense. But it would seem that the mere fact of his shooting at an empty hole in the wall would be a sufficient indication of insanity without the addition of letter writing.

A CLERK in a Cincinnati hat store went to the door with a brass rod to take in some buffalo robes. The metal touched the iron frame of the electric light and he was knocked through the plate glass show window, from which he rolled to the sidewalk, remaining unconscious for a long time.

THE wife of a Mr. Ralph of Minnesota, while assisting her husband at a threshing machine the other day, was caught by a tumbling-rod and every stitch of clothing stripped from her person. The woman was only slightly bruised, but Mr. R. is out the price of a new dress.

THE accomplished American burglar has been getting in his work at Pittsburg. At 6:30 last Tuesday morning he knocked down the treasurer of Beaver County, Pennsylvania, and obtained \$15,000 from the safe. It will be observed that he was a practical burglar.

A YOUNG lady in Illinois recently sought to demolish an unfaithful lover by publishing some verses addressed to him, in which, after prophesying her immediate dissolution, she said: "Come gaze upon my dust, false one." But the compositor spelled it with a "b."

WM. A. BOWLES, of Brooklyn, N. Y., died of an overdose of love and sulphate of morphia. A number of ladies had caressed the unfortunate young man through the medium of an ink bottle, and the coroner took charge of the letters.

WHAT with the ministerial exploration of dives, the insanity sensation, the various communal unhappinesses and the inspector thumping railroad employees, life in Kansas City is not such a dreary, endless blank after all.

A DOCTOR in Fredoma, Kansas, is said to have used his prescription book with undue liberality for the benefit of the boys who were thirsty on circus day, and has been arrested for violation of the liquor law.

BECAUSE of being disinherited by his grandfather, Rufus M. McPherson killed himself in the bar-room of the Kimball House at Atlanta.

SEASONING.

ALTHOUGH chickens are born in shells they never become good oarsmen.

ANNA DICKINSON aches to try the part of "Pantaloons" in "Humpty Dumpty."

TURKEYS are already beginning to look over their shoulders every time they stoop to pick up a grain of corn.

"WHY do you hide, Johnny?" said one boy to another. "I hide to save my hide," replied the other, as he hid away to a secure spot.

A BOY in one of our public schools, having been told that a reptile is an animal that creeps, on being asked the name of one, promptly replied, "A baby."

THE Chinese method of taking an oath does not consist of kissing a Bible. They break a saucer when they swear. It's something that way with a servant girl.

A SCOTCH schoolmaster having repeatedly, and at last angrily, demanded of his pupils, "Who signed Magna Charta?" a little girl tremblingly replied: "Please, sir, it was na me."

CAMBRIDGE, Neb., is proud of a young woman so innocent and pure-minded that she remarked to her "intended" the day previous to their marriage: "Now mind! I won't have a baby brought into the house."

A ROCHESTER photographer has got matters down fine. For a point for the subject to look at while the picture is being taken instead of the usual faded envelope or old photograph on the wall, he has the ominous words, "Terms cash."

A NICE little maid in Boulogne
Whose heart was as hard as a stone,
When her lover would sigh
Would say to 'em, "Flight!
I wish you would let me alone."

AN Arkansas man went to church for the first time in his life. The minister announced through the local paper that he would discourse on "Lost Sheep," and the man hoped to gain some information regarding a stray ram of his.

"AIN'T this a little high?" asked a timid tenderfoot of a Deadwood tavern-keeper who had charged him four dollars and a half for his dinner. "It may be a little high," replied the host, fumbling with the handle of a revolver in the cash drawer, "but I need the money." He got it.

AN exchange innocently speaks of "the bustle" in Vassar College on the day the fall term commenced. Girls will be girls, and it may be taken for granted that there is always more bustle in Vassar than can be seen in any boy's college—albeit the boy has the reputation of being the noisiest animal.

THE fashionable walk is thus described: "She drew her arms very closely to her hips, stuck out her head, bent her body forward, and made a prance which was half polka-step and half the stately minuet, while her hands hung down in six-buttoned gloves as though lifeless, and she couldn't carry anything to save her soul."

"LAY off your overcoat or you won't feel it when you go out," said the landlord of a western inn to a guest who was sitting by the fire. "That's what I am afraid of," returned the man. "The last time I was here I laid off my overcoat. I didn't feel it when I went out, and I haven't felt it since."

"MAMMA," said a little philosopher, "is our old hen going to be sent away this winter?" "I guess not, my son," was the reply; "but why do you ask such a question?" "Because I heard you tell our new hired girl that they would have such a sweet time when he sent the old hen away this winter." We reckon the old hen laid for him.

SHE was young and beautiful; he was old and ugly. He took her hand and squeezed it tenderly, and then she put out her tongue at him. Then he laid his head gently on her breast. She was eighteen and he was seventy, but still it was affection of the heart. O, yes, it was. Her heart was affected, and he was a doctor, trying to see how far the mischief had gone.

FITZNOODLE was out again, worrying the life out of the ducks with his shot gun. He blazed away at so me ducks, and an unseen man on the other side of the pond rose up, threateningly, with a long gun, and called out: "Did you shoot at me?" "Did any of the shot hit you?" inquired Fitznoodle. "Yes, they did," said the man, rubbing his legs. "Then you may be certain I didn't shoot at you. I never hit anything I shot at."

A HORSE-CAR conductor was before the court a few days ago, charged with assaulting his wife. It was shown in the evidence that he had struck her with his fist and knocked her down. He acknowledged the assault, but pleaded in extenuation that his calling led him into habits of pinching the fair. The judge said it was all right as long as he confined himself to pinching the fair, but he would fine him for knocking down the fair.

Fogg put his foot into it bodily when he was introduced to Mrs. Smith and her daughter. He wished to say something neat and gallant. Addressing the daughter, said he: "Really, madame, I never should have suspected that that lady was your daughter. I supposed, of course, that you were sisters; I did; I assure you."

"Thank you, Mr. Fogg," replied Miss Smith. "You were perfectly right in thinking that lady could not be my daughter. She is my mother, sir." Fogg left.

'TWAS a terrible moment. The man was evidently drowning, while the crowd on shore stood helpless and horrified. At this juncture some one yelled.

"Oh, for a boat!" But there was no boat within ten miles. The suspense became awful and the sun sank into the misty bosom of the west like a bloody pumpkin. All at once a female voice was heard above the roar of the breakers: "Never mind the boat; take one of my shoes." It was the voice of a heroic Chicago woman and the applause that greeted it was heard three hundred miles at sea.

AT Grand Island the other day a passenger found three flies in his tea at the eating house. He called the waiter to him and said: "You are in error about me. You evidently think I am traveling in a special car and putting on a great deal of dog. I'm riding second class, without baggage, and am only entitled to one fly. Give this cup to that big fat man at the corner table. He is a director of the road and is entitled to three flies in his tea and a dead cockroach between his pancakes. I cannot travel second-class and usurp the rights of first class passengers. Please pass the entomological mustard before you go and set the adamantine prunes where I can reach them. I may want to throw one at the head waiter occasionally to attract his attention."

FOLLY'S QUEENS;

OR,

WOMEN WHOSE LOVES HAVE RULED THE WORLD.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

Charlotte quarreled with some nasal domineering creature, and retired in dudgeon to the new house in the Haymarket, then specially licensed to Mr. Fielding, which gentleman engaged the seeder at a salary of four guineas per week. But ignorant, reckless Charlotte slid into debt, became disgusted with the stage, threw up her engagement, pawned her credit and her clothes, and began as a grocer in Long Acre.

For awhile the young tradeswoman was enchanted, for, by the way of frolic, her father's fine friends came to buy. She was a good horsewoman, she affirmed; why not then go her own journeys, do her own canvassing with country traders? Of course: an excellent idea. A saddle-horse was purchased instantaneously, and a field hired all in a hurry as a dwelling for the beast.

One evening in the dusk, a certain grimy youth elected to be amorous. Laughingly she edged him to the street with quip and banter, for it wouldn't do to offend customers, and pushed him out, banged to the door, and fastened it with chain and bolt.

Alas! if the stable door was shut, the mare was stolen: under cover of the darkness and of dallying, other youths had crept in upon their bellies and made havoc of her goods. The bright brass weights were gone, so were the takings of the till, and everything else of value upon which the thieves had been able to lay hand.

Charlotte sat down and railed at fate, whilst she hugged her baby to her breast; then rose up and wrote penitently to her papa. But Colly was adamant to his giddy daughter. Mere acquaintances—as oftentimes is the case—were more charitable than blood-relatives.

Somebody supplied the bankrupt groceress with a few pounds, whence he proceeded to invest in madcap haste, as her way was, in the first speculation that offered. This changed to be a puppet-show, up two flights of stairs over tennis-court in St. James street.

She rigged out her dolls in new and gorgous raiment, lightened up their noses and splintered cheeks, had new scenery painted regardless of expense; purchased mezzotintos of eminent persons, and got the portraits imitated in wood—and then sat down to take the town by storm.

Aquin the jaded interest of beaux and belles was aroused by the doings of the mad-cap. Fashion flocked up the two pairs of stairs; pronounced the entertainment vastly genteel; vowed that Colley was a brute for neglecting so talented a creature (Charlotte spoke all the parts behind a screen, just as a Punch-and-Judy man does); came again and again, delighted.

All was going well; but Charlotte's creditors, who upon her first failure had been content to look upon the trifles that she owed them as a bad debt, began to open their eyes now that she bade fair to prosper. They pursued her; their emissaries hung about the tennis-court. She, as well as the audience, grew disgusted; and with Charlotte to be disgusted was to throw up the occupation of the moment, and take refuge from annoyance in something novel. She sold the show, which was worth five hundred pounds, for twenty, and disappeared for a time in the unfathomable mazes of low London.

For several years we search for her in vain; and when at length we do discover traces of the prodigal, she is in a worse plight even than before. In the interval we find that she had contracted a mysterious marriage. The second husband, like the first, is dead, and has left her saddled with the burden of his debts. An important change, too, has taken place in her way of life.

Harried, pursued, hunted by a whole pack in full cry, she has abandoned the costume of her sex, and henceforth will wear the trappings of a man.

Under the nickname of "Sir Charles" we catch a glimpse of the unhappy woman in a sponging-house, from which she is rescued by a subscription, raised through the compassion of the frail sisterhood of the Piazza. Pursued again as soon as free, she is protected by a soft-hearted bailiff, who, won by the occult fascination as most people were, changed hats with her—her own silver-laced one being only too well known—in order that she may take refuge in a deserted mansion in Great Queen street, where she will find her little daughter. The door had scarcely closed upon "Sir Charles," than, too much perturbed by sudden frenzy any longer to dread her tormentors, she rushes bareheaded into the road with flying hair and piteous cries for help.

What signify bailiffs now? The child is

dying—dead perhaps—will no one fetch a eech?

The spectacle of this youthful gentleman, a boy almost in such dire distress over the loss of a little child moves the sympathies of the mob. They sway to and fro with words of pity, and are hesitating how to act, when one venerable and kindly visaged breaks through their ranks and leads the youth indoors.

He communes with the friendless boy, deplores his plight, takes him home to his own house along with the child (who was not dead as it turned out), and nurses the twain into convalescence. Good-natured Mrs. Woffington comes to the assistance of "Sir Charles," as do Garrick, Bich, Lacey, and other historians.

Charlotte is in clover for a while: safe from duns and debts, well fed, well clothed, well housed, and is content to lie for a month or two in the lap of luxury, without troubling herself as to who is paymaster, or worrying her easy-going mind with the vexations of the future.

But a time comes when a restless devil within goads her once more to action. Charlotte Charke fully made up her mind to return to the stage. She never assumed her second husband's name, though her aliases were many and various. To return openly to the stage was impossible, as much on account of her angry father's influence as for fear of the army of creditors.

So night after night she (or rather he) stole with trembling limbs and aching heart to the self-same familiar tennis-court where the belles used to applaud the puppet-show, to ask if a character was wanting in one of the plays that were constantly being got up there. Queer things took place in that theatre.

Once, in the concluding act of a tragedy, a young hero behind a mirmidon of the law awaiting his exit in the slips to march him off to durance vile. Scarcely knowing what he did, he drew a busk from the stays of the heroine who reposed upon his breast, and plunged it into his heart, putting an end to his own useless life, as well as to his stage rant.

About the purlieus of this peculiar abiding-place of the Muses Charlotte elected to hang in expectation of something turning up. One night there was tribulation there, since the Captain Plume of the evening had just arrived in his sedan, speechlessly and hopelessly intoxicated. Captain Plume is the chief part in the favorite play of "The Recruiting Officer." No more could "The Recruiting Officer" be enacted without Plume than could "Hamlet" without the Prince of Denmark. Where, at the next moment was a Plume to be found?

A modest youth, slipshod and down at heel, stepped in from the miry courtyard. "If it should please your honors," he said, with a graceful bow, "I would play Plume. I know that parts well as most other parts in the accepted repertory, and have with me, by good fortune, a clean shirt and stockings."

In a trice the drunken captain was bereft of his stage glory, and the amiable youth implored to be quick in dressing. But the youth had an eye to the main chance. "I care not a fig for your art," he cried, in scorn, with lamentable downrightness. "With me it is a matter of bread and cheese. Pay me a guinea and I'll act; if you can't I'll go away."

It was paid, and the youth acted—so well that a country manager, who happened to be present, offered his terms at once. "My name is Jockey Adams," he said, "celebrated for my inimitable jockey dance. What's yours? I'm starting a strolling company. If you join you shall play first parts."

"My name," the youth retorted with a reckless laugh, "is Brown. I'm alone in the world save for a child-sister, and I'm gaping for a crust. I've no clothes but those I wear, and no money. If that suits you, well and good—I'm yours."

And so the bargain was struck. Charlotte and her little daughter went a strolling, and in the first town where they elected to set up their tent a strange and wonderful accident befall our heroine.

One of the audience, who with a party was honoring the strollers with her presence, fell violently in love at first sight with the leading actor. His form was so elegant, his face so expressive, his demeanor so genteel, that the young lady in question almost had a fit. Nothing would suit her but that she must marry him—instantly—immediately—delay meant agony, despair, death! Would the dear youth espouse the maid who loved him? Of course he would, for he, of course, was a beggar, whilst she (though ugly as sin) was an orphan heiress, who in eight months would be of age. At which period she would come into sole possession of forty thousand pounds in the bank, and effects in the Indies worth twenty thousand more.

Charlotte visited the unfortunate heiress, and told her the plain truth. "I am no young man," she said, "only a poor, forlorn, deserted, neglected, starving girl. My father is the great Cibber, friend of earls and dukes. He reckons not where his daughter rots. I have to live somehow until I'm summoned hence, and to fill another mouth besides my own, and God knows that the task is hard." With that the two women, so oddly brought together, mingled their tears and sighs, and parted, never to meet again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Look out for "Hush Money; or, The Murder in the Air," in No. 219 of the POLICE GAZETTE.

FEMININE FRAILTIES!

What Minnie Myrtle Knows About Pads and Padding.

Minnie Myrtle thus discourses in the Philadelphia *Item* on the frailties of the fair sex: Every season brings its rages, that of the present time being padded hose. While in the vicinity of the Bowery my attention was directed to a queer sign in the window of a small shop, in which were displayed two stocking-limbs, one labeled "Before padding," the other, "after padding." The former was about the stickiest specimen of a feminine leg that it has ever been my misfortune to witness, and the other was one that would have made Pauline Markham, Topay, Alice Atherton, Adelaide Cherry and other leg-artistes turn green with envy to witness. Having my curiosity aroused, I entered the shop to investigate. A very nice young man was behind the counter, and as he glanced down at my slim form, evidently made up his mind that he had a customer, for he talked very fluently about the beauties of the pads they made, and the number of society ladies that wore them. "Seventy-five per cent. of our trade is among fashionable ladies," he said. "That pair of pads there is for Mrs. G— (mentioning the name of the wife of a prominent merchant). Nearly all the ladies who ride horseback pad. They claim that they do it to keep them warm, but the others are often taken in the summer. I more than suspect that the cause alleged is not the right one. Then we make pads for society ladies who were never on a horse in their lives. These chiefly order our padded hose, but they buy numbers of our other garments too. Then we have large orders for our padded underwear from fashionable milliners, just as we have from fashionable tailors."

"But these society ladies do not ever come here to be measured?" I asked.

"Very often, almost every day. They drive up here in their carriages, and many of them will not come right out and say what they want, but will talk about this and that until their business finally crops out. Some of them pretend that they want the pads for friends about their size, and are measured. Indeed, they resort to all sorts of little deceptions, which we, of course, pretend not to see through. Then again, some come in boldly and tell us what they want, and make no ado about it."

"Do you measure them yourself?"

"We have ladies employed for that purpose, but it is a curious fact that these ladies nearly always prefer to have a man measure them. They look at the matter from a business standpoint, and, wanting the most perfect fit, they want the most experienced person to make the measurements. Some of them pretend to be very modest but the majority make no more of it than being examined by the family physician.

"I could tell you many curious incidents of well known ladies and gentleman, both on the stage and in society, but that would be a breach of faith and would hurt my business. But I can tell you of one queer case. A young lady made a bet with a friend that her limb was larger than her friend's, and they set a day for the decision. In the meantime she drove down here and ordered a pair of calf-pads. We made them, and one day when I had forgotten all about it, she came in here and told me she had won the bet. Shall I take your measure?"

"I gave that young man such a freezing look, that he wanted an ulster to keep him warm, and then passed out of the store. The idea as if I— Well, I suppose appearances are deceptive."

"This recalls to my mind a story that was told me by a society lady, recently, that shows to what length our sex will go for amusement. It seems that a number of ladies met weekly at the residences of the members; and to these meetings a number of ladies were invited, and after passing the afternoon in reading and gossiping, a nice lunch was partaken of. After this, the announcement was made that the guest having the smallest limb would be expected to pay for the lunch. One of the members of the club, who held the position of treasurer would then pull out a tape line from her pocket and would proceed to hunt up the victim, who generally paid the score without a murmur, and became an active member of the club. Are not facts stranger than fiction?"

DR. BELKNAP'S LOVE AFFAIR.

He Treats his Affianced to Soda Water and Fills Her Teeth.

A reporter who happened to drop into Squire Schwab's office, in Cincinnati, one day last week, saw by the large crowd of interested spectators present that some trial of unusual interest was in progress. After numerous efforts, the front ranks were reached, and a sight of the parties to the suit gained. The plaintiff was a man rather above the medium height, spare built, and not, we must say, an Adonis or Apollo. The principal article on the person of the plaintiff that would attract attention was a cluster diamond pin, about the size of a trade-dollar. The name of this plaintiff was

learned to be Dr. Belknap, the tooth doctor, who gained some notoriety through the press a short time ago in connection with Mrs. Georgie Porter, a lady whom he accused of stealing several diamonds belonging to him. This same Mrs. Porter was the defendant in the suit before Squire Schwab, and is a lady of unusual brightness and beauty. The doctor had brought suit for the recovery of \$30 for work alleged to have been done on the teeth of this fair woman, and for a diamond, which was missing from a ring loaned by the doctor. During the trial it was brought out that the doctor, who has had two wives, and has a grown-up daughter, was enamored of the fascinating widow, and proposed marriage to her. This was about the time he performed the dental work, for which he thought himself amply repaid by beaming in her sunny smiles and having his coat taken out of "hoc," she paying the bill of \$5, so that the tooth extractor might have a nice office coat. The debtor was in the habit of taking walks with his fair inamorata last June, when the engagement existed, and invited her to Polar soda water, as he himself testified. Mrs. Porter had been led to believe by Dr. Belknap, so it was claimed, that he was the owner of considerable real estate, both in Cincinnati and Chattanooga, and also of mines of coal and iron in Virginia. The widow, before becoming his wife, instituted inquiries that proved the doctor's wealth to be but a chimera of his brain, and not desiring to form a matrimonial alliance with a man without wealth, a nice little note was dispatched to the ardent lover stating that henceforth they must meet as strangers. This cruel little missive aroused the doctor's ire, and so he presented a bill for \$30 for service rendered, which, Mrs. Porter not being able to pay, a constable was sent to her abode who seized the wearing apparel of the lady to satisfy the insatiable creditor. A writ of replevin was got out by the lady, and her clothing recovered. The doctor was awarded by the jury in the Squires court the full amount of his bill.

CURRIE'S GOLD.

The Hidden Hoards Alleged to Have Been Found in the Spanish Main.

A sailor named Currie, a native of Nassau, the town of New Providence (one of the Bahamas) arrived in Kingston, Jamaica, about the end of 1879 and exchanged at the Colonial Bank a number of old Spanish doubloons of the time of Ferdinand and Isabella. On being interrogated he told the following tale:

He was trading with his schooner at Old Providence, which is a small island belonging to the government of Colombia, off the part marked in some maps as the "Monquito Coast," just north of Panama. He averred that one day he was ashore and observed a large lizard, an iguana. The iguana disappeared into the ground and Currie poked with a stick about the place and found a cavity. He cleared the ground away and discovered the entrance to a cave. Into that cave he entered and found jars containing quantities of treasure in the shape of doubloons and other coins, jewels, gold candlesticks and other articles, which apparently had been plundered from some cathedral or church of the Catholic faith. Currie estimated this treasure at some millions of dollars. He stated that his discovery came to the ears of the Prefect of the island, who put him in prison and threatened his life if he would not divulge the hiding place.

That Currie was so imprisoned for some cause or other has been found to be correct; but the authorities of Old Providence say that he was locked up for the suspected murder of one of his crew, and some think (who believe his story of the treasure) that if such a man was murdered by Currie it was because the murderer had discovered Currie's secret. Currie was eventually released and he went to Jamaica, where he saw Commodore, now Admiral, Ward, and begged to be sent in a man-of-war to secure his booty. The Commodore declined to do as Currie required. There were many people in Jamaica who implicitly believed Currie's story. It seemed plausible enough, for, besides the undoubted fact of his having been in possession of antique doubloons, it is historically certain that Old Providence was once the resort of buccaneers of the Spanish seas.

On the strength of his story he borrowed money from some of his believers and he stated that within twenty minutes of landing in Catalina harbor he could undertake to show the treasure but that he would not trust himself again on the island without the protection of a British man-of-war, since some residents of Old Providence were seeking his life. Sooner or later, so it appears, he obtained permission from the Colombian Government to take his treasure on condition of his handing over to them one-half of it. He has since been several times to the present Commodore of the West Indian squadron and has in like manner asked him to send him in a man-of-war to father his treasure; but Commodore Brown will have nothing to say to him and believes him to be an impostor.

A LADY passenger on a New York Central train threw some peach stones from a car window near Corfu, and with them two rings valued at \$775.

Edward MacLean

The police of New York City succeeded on Oct. 30 in arresting Eddy MacLean, alias "Pet Hamilton," one of the most expert thieves in the United States. He was taken in on suspicion of having stolen a quantity of diamonds in Boston from the Morse Diamond Cutting Company of that city. The thief called to look at gems for a bridal gift and after examining a quantity he left, saying he would call again. When he was gone it was discovered that he had taken \$4,700 worth of stones. Suspicion at once pointed to MacLean and he was caught in New York City. The list of his former exploits is varied, he having served several terms for thefts of various descriptions. He is now under bail for stealing \$1,400 worth of diamonds in April last.



TOE-NAILING A LIE.

HOW A TRAMP, ALLEGED TO BE LON WILLIAMS, THE OUTLAW, UNDERTOOK TO PROVE HIS IDENTITY TO THE SATISFACTION OF THE JURY AT MILWAUKEE, WIS.

His Foot as Evidence.

Two or three weeks ago a tramp was arrested in Milwaukee on suspicion of being Lon Williams, alias Lon Maxwell, the murderer of Charles and Milton Coleman, near Durand, Wis.

asked if he had ever been wounded in the foot, the genuine Lon having been shot through the left foot. He replied that he had not, and under the direction of his counsel he took off his shoe and stocking and stuck his naked foot under the noses of the jury. But few of the twelve good men had the courage to make a close examination of the pedal extremity and all were more than satisfied with the exhibition. Kuhl was adjudged to be Lon Williams and he was surrendered to the officers

appeared in the role of "a woman scorned"—at least the witnesses are willing to affirm that her degree of fury could not be surpassed by the figurative Hades.

The but lately loving woman began a tirade against her quondam matrimonial companion; vowed she would destroy him, and twice requested the loan of Mr. Stevens' pistol that



"WENT FOR HIM BALD-HEADED."

THE TROUBLE AN AMOROUS WIG-MAKER STORED UP FOR HIMSELF AND HIS STOCK IN TRADE; N. Y. CITY.

last July. A charge of vagrancy was preferred against him. The trial occurred in the Municipal Court before Judge Mallory. The prisoner claimed to be one William Kuhl of Metamora, Ill., but a number of persons, including one of the brothers of Charles Coleman, testified that he was the desperado, Lon Williams. The accused in his own behalf swore positively that he was what he claimed to be, a peaceable tramp, and that his name was William Kuhl. He also stated that when he left Illinois he lived in Denver and other points in Colorado for his health, and also that he subsequently visited St. Paul, Minneapolis, and other points in Minnesota to assist in the shipment of cattle. On the cross-examination he was



EDWARD MACLEAN,

ARRESTED ON A CHARGE OF STEALING \$4,700 WORTH OF DIAMONDS IN BOSTON, MASS.



A JARFULL OF MYSTERY.

THE RELIC OF A FORGOTTEN CRIME AN OLD CRIMINAL JUDGE MADE A PET OF AT STUTTGART, GERMANY.



PASTING A BILL POSTER.

THE VIGOROUS OBJECTION A BROOKLYN LADY ENTERED AGAINST HAVING HER FENCE DECORATED IN THE HIGHEST STYLE OF VARIETY SHOW ART.

A Woman's Revenge.

Bella McKurill was arrested in Union Square, New York City, last Monday evening, charged by Alfred Cornet of No. 217 Sixth avenue with disorderly conduct and assault.

Bella is said to have clerked in Jones' fancy good establishment.

While at Jones' store she called, accompanied by a girl, on Mr. Cornet to purchase some hair goods for the girl and herself. Mr. Cornet seems to have been susceptible to the charms of his fair customer, for within three weeks' time they joined their fortunes. About two weeks ago Mr. Cornet was deserted by the fair Bella. On Monday evening Bella made her appearance, escorted by Mr. Edward C. Stevens, dry goods dealer, at room 12 No. 115 Worth street. Bella ap-

peared in the role of "a woman scorned"—at least the witnesses are willing to affirm that her degree of fury could not be surpassed by the figurative Hades.

The but lately loving woman began a tirade against her quondam matrimonial companion; vowed she would destroy him, and twice requested the loan of Mr. Stevens' pistol that

she might have a bloody satisfaction. Mr. Stevens refused her this favor, but threatened Mr. Cornet with vengeance if he ever came bothering him at his store.

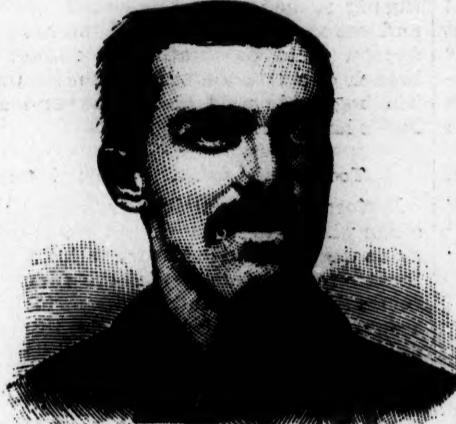
Bella snatched up a wig block and threw it at Mr. Cornet, who was behind the counter. The block struck an open door, behind which he sprang, making a deep indentation about the height of his head. She then hurled another through his showcase, and then departed with her companion. Mr. Cornet followed them with the intention of procuring their arrest. Mr. Stevens warned him not to follow, but Mr. Cornet, not comprehending his choice English, persisted in doing so, and secured Bella's arrest.

Miss Caroline Ettinger.

Miss Caroline Ettinger has been missing from her home in Pittsburg, Pa., since the 23d of last September. She was engaged to a young man named Kerstein, and he is also missing. It is not supposed that they have eloped as no opposition was made to their marriage. Detectives are now scouring the country for traces of the missing lady but so far without success. Any information concerning her should be sent to the chief of police at Pittsburg, Pa.

The "Hub's" Famous Fighting Dog.

In this issue we publish the picture of the great fighting dog "Boston," with his trainer. It is understood that the famous canine can be matched against any dog of his weight in



GEORGE DUFRANE,

NOTED PEDESTRIAN OF TROY, N. Y.
[Photo by Wood, 208 Bowery.]

the country. Owing to the rigor of the law in Boston against dog fighting, the owner of the dog does not desire his name made public.

George Dufrane, Noted Pedestrian.

George Dufrane, the noted "ped," was born in Troy, N. Y., in the year 1850. His height is 5ft. 1 1/2 in. and when in condition he weighs 136 lbs. He has figured in numerous six-day go-as-you-please contests and won several races in the United States. His first race took place out of talk of the time a man could get over the ground from New York to Yonkers and back, when \$30 was offered to Dufrane if he could do the job in 6 hours. He accepted the conditions and accomplished it within the time, having 30 minutes to spare, on the 18th of August, 1879. In a 6-day go-as-you-please, Dec. 21, 1879, at New York city, he came out with 450 miles to his credit. In Boston, Mass., on the 15th of Feb., 1880, in a 74-hour go-as-you-please, he covered 318m.



"BOSTON."

THE "HUB'S" FAMOUS FIGHTING DOG; OPEN TO A MATCH AGAINST ANY DOG IN THE COUNTRY.

being fourth in the race and leading 22 competitors. Dufrane's last match was in Troy, N. Y., a 28-hour go-as-you-please match

against Fred. Krohne. The "ped" Dufrane covered 135 miles, beating Krohne 5 miles. Dufrane only rested one hour.

Why He Wept.

Last Friday afternoon a man stepped into a barber shop in Salt Lake to get shaved. While the barber was passing the steel over his face the man began to shed tears. This attracted the attention of the proprietor of the shop and he directed the manipulator of the razor to sharpen the implement. As the shave continued the man's tears flowed unceasingly and the barber continued to whet his tool, occasionally changing razors and striving as diligently as possible to ameliorate the sufferings of his customer.

"We are using the best razors in the shop, sir," said the man with the lather cup; "your face must be very tender. Does it pain you much?"

"A razor pain me? Do you suppose that a man who has been through the war shrinks at physical suffering!"



CAROLINE ETTINGER,

MISSING FROM HER HOME IN PITTSBURG, PA., SINCE SEPTEMBER 23, 1881.

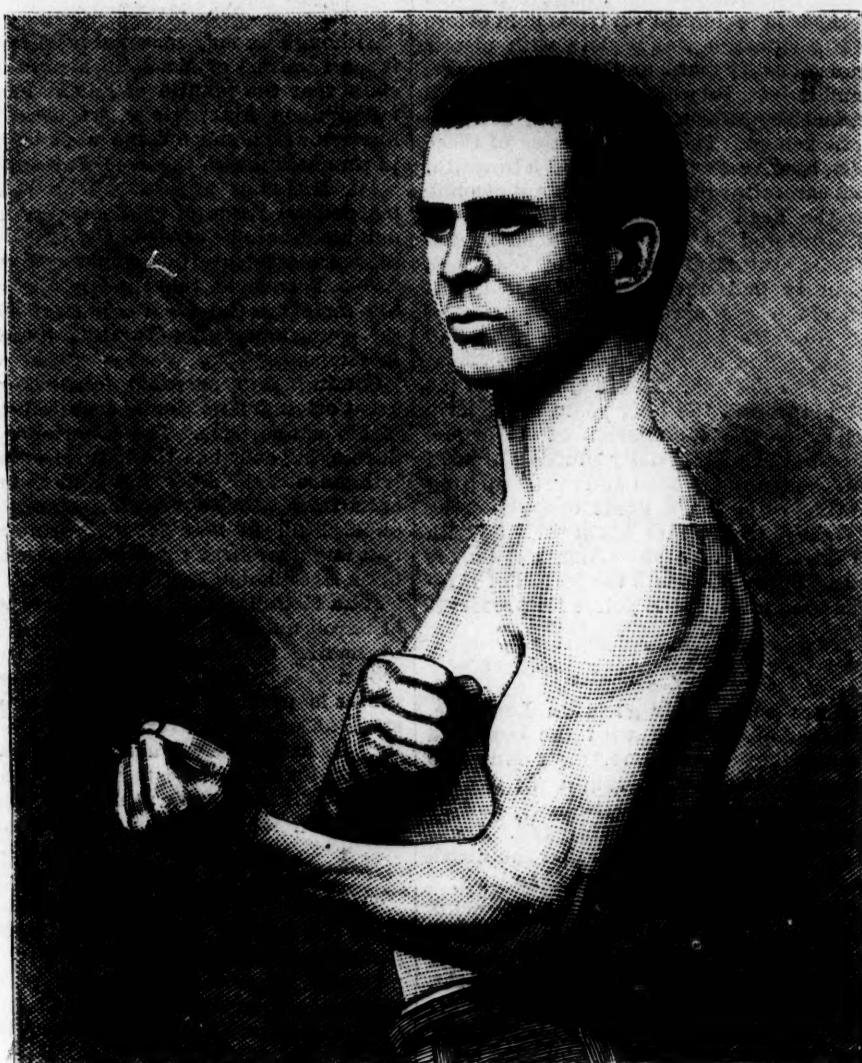
"Then what the deuse have you been blubbering about?" queried the boss.

"I got to thinking over bad news from the East. Another mother-in-law comin' out next week to spend the winter. Here's the money for the shave."

"I shan't charge you a cent," said the barber, sadly. "I never bleed a man's pocket when his heart's bowed down. Come in occasionally and mingle your tears with mine. I've got some mothers-in-law myself, four, by thunder."

"That's what's goin' to make polygamy a failure in Utah," said the tearful man as he slammed the door.

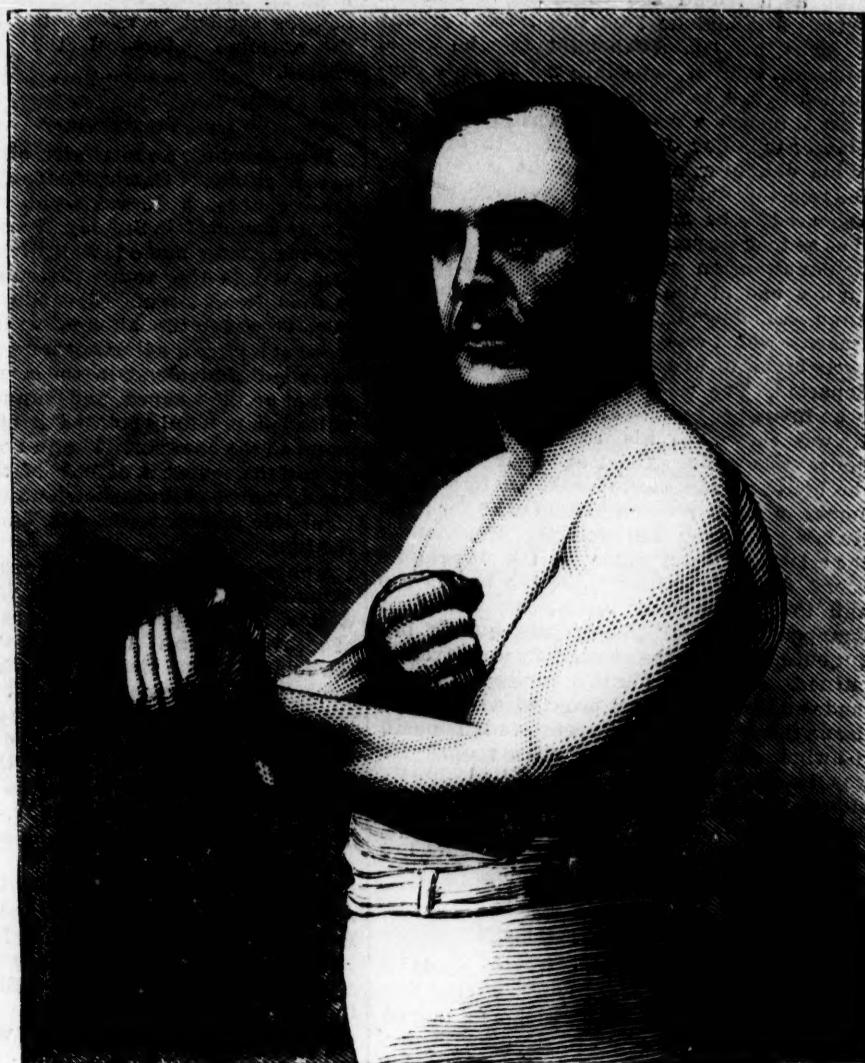
Crow Dog entered a demur to the indictment found at Deadwood for the murder of Spotted Tail, claiming that an Indian cannot be tried for an offense against another Indian. Judge Moody held that the law has been abrogated by treaty, and the chief will be tried in January.



FRANK WHITE,

CHAMPION FEATHER-WEIGHT PUGILIST OF AMERICA.

[Photo by Wood, 208 Bowery.]



GEORGE HOLDEN, OF ENGLAND,

EX CHAMPION FEATHER-WEIGHT PUGILIST OF GREAT BRITAIN.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Avaricious Spiritualists.

A party of men and women, professing to be Spiritualists, have been digging for gold on the farm of Mr. Wood Demarest, about three miles from Chemung, N. Y., on the Mount Zoar road. The spot where the digging was done is out of view of both the farm-house and the road. For three successive nights the manager of the farm of Mrs. Catharine Sly, which adjoins that of Mr. Demarest, was awakened just before midnight by a party of men and women passing the house. On the fourth night he followed them. When they arrived at the spot where they had been digging, the party, consisting of nine men and four women, formed in a circle around a hole in the ground, and began a series of incantations, and went through some queer movements. At one side a fire had been kindled, and over this hung a small iron pot, in which one of the women was brewing some mixture, all the time keeping up the same singing as the others. At 12 o'clock the pot was lifted from the fire, and its contents thrown into the hole, and then the men fell to work, digging with all their might, while the women gathered around the fire and chanted. The men worked until four o'clock, and then hid their tools and the iron pot in a hollow tree near by, and started for their homes. The next day Mr. Demarest was informed of the transaction, and with Mrs. Sly's farm manager went to the lot where the digging had been done. There they found the things as described.

A large hole about twenty feet square and ten feet deep had been dug, and the loose earth lay piled up around the mouth of the pit. The next night watch was kept, and when the operations were fairly under way Mr. Demarest stepped into the circle and demanded an explanation. When the party had recovered from their surprise one of the number, acting as spokesman, told Mr. Demarest that they were spiritualists; that they had had repeated assurances from the spirits of their departed friends that there was gold in that particular spot; that they had been commanded to go there at twelve o'clock, and, after performing the incantations described, to dig in a spot which was marked, and they would find gold. There were to be thirteen of them, and under no circumstances must they work after 4 o'clock. He said they were sure they would find the gold. Mr. Demarest put a stop to their work, and threatened if he found them again to have them arrested. This was the last time they have been seen there.

Very Ardent Affection.

The city of Mexico was recently the scene of a terrible tragedy, which resulted in the death of one of the parties and the severe injury of the other. It seems that a young man has been paying attention to the beautiful daughter of a rich planter, and a short time ago asked for the hand of the young lady. She refused him, stating that while she liked him as a friend she could not become his bride. Although he took the refusal greatly to heart, his friends thought that he would soon get over it, especially as he still continued to call on the lady.

Last month a grand ball was given by the planter in honor of the eighteenth birthday of his daughter, and among the guests was the rejected suitor. It was noticed that he appeared to be moody and despondent and that he took no part in the festivities. No particular attention was paid to him, however, for not one of the guests dreamed that his mind was affected, or had a suspicion of the tragedy which was soon to be enacted. The party broke up at a late hour, and the guests departed. The rejected suitor, however, had been invited to remain all night and accepted. He was shown to his room, and soon the house was quiet. About an hour afterward the house servants were awakened by a dense smoke in their room, and loud cries for help. Rushing out, they followed the direction of the cries and soon came to the daughter's room. Rushing in they found the bed on fire and the young lady rolling on the floor wrapped in flames. The fire was quietly put out but not before the young lady was severely burned. A search for the young man was made and he was found crushed and bleeding on the pavement of the court-yard, beneath the windows of the young girl's room. He was taken into the house and died shortly afterwards. It is supposed that after retiring he had arisen and made his way to the room of his beloved, and in a fit of insanity set fire to the bed on which she lay sleeping.

Captured by Red Skins.

The Indians in Northern Mexico made a raid recently and among their victims was the beautiful daughter of a ranchman, named Wilkens. The red skins made off with her, and before the rangers could follow were far out on the plains. As soon as it became known that Miss Wilkens had been stolen the wildest excitement prevailed. Her lover, John Kelsey, at once called for volunteers to rescue her, and the ranchman, one and all, offered their

services. Thirty men were selected, and well armed and mounted, they followed the trail, under the leadership of the lover. They rode until dark, when they camped out, as they could not follow the tracks at night. They were on the march early the next morning, but failed to come up with the band. When they camped on the second night they found fresh ashes, showing that the Indians were not very far ahead of them. Early on the morning of the second day, Wilkens started out to reconnoitre, while the other men breakfasted. Far out on the plains his quick eye detected a horse. Putting spur to his own animal, he gave chase and soon came close to the apparently riderless horse. He was about to turn back to camp when the strange horse wheeled, and he was horrified to see that Miss Wilkens was bound to the horse. For a moment he was paralyzed with fear for the safety of his betrothed. In a moment he was himself again, and sinking his spurs to the rowel in the flanks of his horse, resumed his chase. Although armed, he did not dare fire lest he shoot the helpless rider. Rapidly he approached, and as he drew near, there was a whirr in the air, and his cigar flashed through the air. It fell true to its aim, and soon Miss Wilkens was rescued from her perilous position. From her it was learned that the Indians ascertained that they were closely pursued, and had had that very morning bound her to a horse. Beyond a stiffness in the joints she was uninjured and it is expected that she will soon be fully recovered.

A Candidate's Misery.

The candidate for office in New York City has had a hard time of it during the two weeks preceding election. He must not only be possessed of unlimited financial resources, and promptly respond to all "strikes" made by his "constituents," but he must also be on familiar footing with thieves and blacklegs, as well as the respectable portion of the district in which he is running. All sorts of dodges are resorted to capture the votes of the white and black brother, and the candidate does not dare to refuse to recognize any rowdy who may speak to him.

This year there are three, four and in some instances five candidates running for the same office, owing to the split in the Republican and Democratic parties and the nomination of "citizen candidates" by disgusted shorthands. This has had the result of making things exceedingly lively, and at least one candidate made a personal canvass of his district. He took his pretty wife with him and made a tour of the tenement houses. An express wagon laden with tea, coffee, calicos and other cheap commodities followed after them. When they reached the tenement house to be canvassed, the candidate loaded himself down with bundles and started in. He distributed his favors with a lavish hand, made friends with the women and inquired about their relatives to the third and fourth generation. His wife, not to be outdone, took the dirty children on her lap and gave them candy while she played with them. This was repeated until the entire district was gone over, and it is almost needless to say the candidate is an office-holder elect. His wife, however, says that she will never again assist him, for she has had no less than ten silk dresses spoiled, besides being made sick by the noisome odors of the rookeries she visited.

Prayed Crazy.

Lena Jacobus, a pretty girl, sixteen years of age, daughter of Garret Jacobus, of Franklin, Essex county, N. J., was accidentally shot and fatally wounded on Sunday afternoon, Oct. 24. A young man named Wolf, living in Jersey City, visited the house in the morning and just before his intended departure in the afternoon he was in the kitchen with Lena, who stood at a mirror adjusting her hair. A double-barreled gun stood in the corner, and Wolf picked up the weapon, and, supposing it was unloaded, playfully pointed it at the girl and snapped the hammer. The gun was discharged and the contents of one of the barrels, a heavy charge of buckshot, entered the girl's right side just above the hip and penetrated the lung.

A physician was called, and pronounced the wound fatal. But despite the verdict of the doctor, Lena improved, and was in a fair way of recovering until last week. The cause of the relapse was a visit by the Baptist minister. The good man called to administer spiritual comfort. After talking a while to her on the uncertainties of life, he knelt by the bed in prayer. While thus engaged the Methodist minister called, and entering the room, joined his petitions to those of the Baptist brother. They prayed hard and the girl became much excited.

In the midst of their wrestling with the spirit the door opened and a Presbyterian clergyman entered. Straightway he joined the praying brothers, and his voice was raised in a strong petition for the sick girl. It proved too much for Lena. In her weak condition she was roused to frenzy, and was soon delirious. The ministers were at once bounced out and the doctor called in. It was only by the use of powerful opiates that the sick girl was quieted down. A gentle hint has been given to the divines that if they return they may meet with another "unloaded" gun.

Given His Own Medicine.

A young married woman living in Brooklyn has a mania for being considered an invalid, while as a matter of fact she is in the enjoyment of excellent health. Her husband has grown tired of humorizing her whims, especially as she would insist on being attended by a handsome young doctor of fascinating manners. Lately she has complained of being bilious and that her liver was out of order. One morning her husband on looking out of his window saw that an enterprising bill-poster had stuck up, opposite his house, a three-sheet poster depicting in flaming colors the efficacy and cheapness of a liver pad. With malice aforethought the husband directed his wife's attention to it and declared his intention of procuring one of the pads for his wife. However partial she might be to pads and padding, she declared she would never wear a liver pad, and secretly vowed vengeance on the first bill-poster who slung his paste around her neighborhood. That very afternoon an unsuspecting fence artist came around and began decorating the street with gutter-snipes descriptive of patent medicine modestly described as a panacea for all the ills human flesh is heir to, and many it knows not of. This was too much for the fair invalid, and she rushed into the street. Waiting until the artist set his pail and brush down and began selecting another bill, she made a grab for his brush and slapped it, dripping with paste, in the decorator's face. Blinded by the paste, he did not wait for another dose, but took to his heels and for all the beautiful invalid knows he is running yet.

A Wild Ride Down a Mountain Road.

A party of eastern girls recently visited the daughter of one of the mine superintendents near Georgetown, Col. The girls were full of life and eager to explore the mines. Under the guidance of the superintendent they explored the various subterranean passages and were finally pulled up the shaft and left on the top of the mountain. Here their guide left them to amuse themselves while he returned to the mine to attend to some business. The girls wandered around, looking at the piles of ore with curious eyes. Finally they tired of this and wanted some fresh amusement. An empty wagon stood temptingly at the top of a steep mountain road. "I have it," said one of the girls, "let's climb into that wagon and ride down the hill."

The proposition was received with cheers, and the girls were soon in the wagon. One of them got on the tongue, and by joining it got the wagon started. It moved slowly at first but gathered headway as it rolled, and soon the girls were going down hill—faster than they ever went before. The girls got frightened, and began to scream, but they had to stick to the wagon. About half way down, the front wheel struck a stump, and the wagon turned into a clump of sage-brush where it lodged. The girls were pitched out, but escaped with a few bruises. They have retired from social life for a time, and have invested heavily in liniment and rags.

A Jarfull of Mystery.

A prominent criminal judge, who recently died in Stuttgart, Germany, had a passion for collecting odd and curious things which had been used in evidence on trials held before him. His collection was replete with pistols and guns of every make and almost every age, axes and knives, to which clotted blood still clung, and almost every tool used by burglars and cracksmen. The most curious of these exhibits, however, was the head of a beautiful woman, carefully preserved in a jar of alcohol. It was the head of a woman who had been found murdered in the woods a short distance from Stuttgart, a number of years ago. Her identity had never been revealed, and though a man was arrested on suspicion of having committed the murder, the judge had to discharge him, as the police were unable to discover who she was. The judge secured the head, and through the long years which have elapsed since the commission of the crime, has been in the habit of daily shutting himself up with the trunkless head and contemplating its beauty. Often, as a great concession he would take a friend into his study, and with all the eagerness of a showman, exhibit his treasure. Since his death the jarfull of mystery has been given to the police for preservation.

Halted by Females.

There are some lively girls in Leadville, who are fond of a racket with the boys, and often times they "go it alone." Not long ago a couple of them started out at night to have some fun. They made the rounds, and by midnight they were comfortably full. About the same time they discovered that their cash account was at a very low ebb. In fact, a close examination showed up only five cents between them. You can't have much fun on a nickel, even in Leadville, and the girls knew it. They hadn't got half through the night, and had no intention of going home. Staggering into the street, a brilliant idea struck them. They both had poppers, and what more easy than to make some one pony up? Going up the street, they met a miner, and at once commanded "hands up!" in true highwayman style. The fellow was so astonished at being halted by two girls that he dropped on his

knees. Then the girls had him. In short order he had to turn his pockets out, but he too had been on a racket and all he had was a quarter. The girls were disgusted with their haul and reeled off to their homes.

Why Deacon Jones Don't Like Pork.

Deacon Jones lives in the Arkansas bottoms. He is a good man and until last week took great pride in his hogs. Last Thursday night he heard a noise in his pig-pen. Immediately the good deacon concluded that some son of the devil was molesting the sanctity of his pig-pen. Such thoughts were more than the deacon could stand, and he resolved to go to the rescue of his pet pigs. Hastily pulling on his pants the deacon seized his gun and started after the supposed thief. On reaching the sty he stealthily opened the door of the pen and peered in. As he did so a porker made a dash for liberty. The deacon saw him coming and dropping his gun spread his legs apart to bar the hog's egress. The pig, nothing daunted, continued his charge, and dashing between the good man's legs made off. And the deacon went too, for as the pig rushed under him he grasped his tail and was soon dashing toward the brush. The deacon held on until dismounted by the branch of a tree under which the pig ran. The hog made good his escape and Deacon Jones has sworn off on pork.

Too Much for a Female Hamlet.

Performances occasionally happen on the stage which are not down on the bills. Such a one was that which occurred in a western theatre recently, and which we illustrate. It seems that a young and ambitious female amateur cherished a burning desire to show the public and the profession how Hamlet ought to be played. She had money enough to pay the salaries of a company to support her, and made her *debut* in a city not many thousands of miles from Chicago. On the first night, however, she managed to arouse the ire of the heavy woman who played the Queen, and in the interval between acts that vigorous professional treated the ambitious amateur to an allowance of punch from the effects of which she has not recovered yet.

When she gets out of bed the unfortunate *debutante* intends to take another company out, but you may be sure that the artist who impersonates the Queen this time will have to furnish satisfactory certificates of good temper.

Caught a Tartar.

Early on the morning of October 28, Gen. Boulanger, of the French delegation, awoke in his room at the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa., and saw a man standing by the table where he had left his watch and a roll of banknotes. The General sprang from his bed and seized his sword and detained the intruder until the arrival of the police. He was identified as William Marston, alias "Buffalo Bill," a notorious criminal.

The grand jury at once found a true bill against him and he was tried, convicted and sentenced to three years' imprisonment.

FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS.

John McCullough.

Although we may reasonably disagree with those admirers of Mr. John McCullough who claim that the mantle of Edwin Forrest has fallen upon his protégé, we accord to this fine actor all honor for the work he has done in connection with the American stage.

An Irishman by birth, John McCullough learned the trade of chair-making in Philadelphia, where he settled as a child. He employed his leisure in amateur dramatic efforts. Forrest, at that time in the zenith of his fame, was the ideal American actor, and the young amateur naturally followed in his footsteps.

Coming into personal contact with his great original later on, he acquired still more of his mannerisms. The experience of years, developing as it has the natural dramatic intelligence of the actor, has softened these peculiarities while developing others—original ones. Still, in many of the parts which Forrest impersonated, the influence he exercised upon McCullough is still very plain.

John McCullough is seen at his best in parts of heroic quality. His classical features and symmetrical form fit best with the laurel crown and toga. His performance of Virgil is notably one of the most powerful stage assumptions ever presented to the public. He has achieved successes in more modern legitimate roles, especially in Othello and Richard III, but he is seen at his best in the classical heroes of the antique drama.

Mme. Fanny Janauscheck.

There are few American theatre goers who have not had the pleasure of witnessing the performances of this splendid actress. How many are aware that scarcely more than ten years ago, a stranger ignorant of our language, she could be appreciated only by the limited German-speaking population of the United States?

Mme. Janauscheck, born in Bohemia, made her first successes on the German stage. She was an eminent actress when loaded down with laurels, she turned her face westward for

new fields of artistic conquest. She opened in this country in 1868, performing to exclusively Tauric audiences, but within a few seasons conquered the difficulties of our language and made her debut on the English-speaking stage.

No dramatic success was ever more assured than Madame Janaucheck's on this occasion; and the time and fortune abaid the foundations for this have steadily augmented with successive seasons since.

Mme. Janaucheck is an artist whose genius is cast in an essentially heroic mould. No monarchs or emperors were ever set upon the stage than her Brutus, Jules, Macbeth and Medea. Deficient in the more intellectual but more human traits that make weaker actresses popular, she wisely confines herself to parts in which her magnificence, since art and her splendid intelligence, strive to shine most brilliantly.

H. W. BURTON.

[With Portrait.]

H. W. Burton, one of the most daring road agents of Colorado, now serving out a life sentence for robbing the United States mail between Del Norte and Durango last June. His father was killed by a band fifteen years ago, and his mother has died in Bastrop County, Texas, and is in very poor circumstances. When young Burton was only 12 years old his father was shot, and he then made up his mind that he soon as he became a man he would kill the perpetrator of the crime, which cost his father and killed his mother in the same county where his mother now resides. After killing him he made his escape, and in order to raise money for the expense of defense in the suit for that murder—a crime he considers a just one—he in 1877 robbed a stage near Waco, Texas, which contained some eight or nine men, and from whom he secured about \$200, and did the robbery in the daytime, alone, and with nothing to assist him but his trusty revolver.

His next successful robbery was near Bastrop, Texas, where he secured about \$175 in money from three men who were in the coach. There was one lady among the passengers, but he never robbed ladies or crippled.

The third and fourth robberies of his life were done during the month of April, 1877, near Austin, Texas, and only a few days after the one committed near Bastrop. He robbed two stage coaches in one day. On the first one he secured about \$3,000 from seven men, but on the second one that day he was not so lucky; from six men in the coach he secured only about \$300.

After this robbery he was arrested and convicted, and sent for life to the West Virginia Penitentiary, but proper influence was brought to bear on President Hayes, and he was pardoned, after serving three years and eight months. After being released from the Penitentiary he returned to Texas, and was put under bonds for the murder of the slayer of his father. He then started out again, robbing stages to secure money for his defense, and made an unsuccessful attempt near Gonzales, Texas, and followed the stage for some distance with his revolver cocked and pointing at the driver, but the driver did not stop, and not wishing to kill any one he let him go. His next effort was between Georgetown and Lampasas, Tex., and was more successful, although he secured only \$45.

On the 3d of last June he stopped a coach which was filled with passengers, near Gainesville, Tex., and robbed them of about \$650. He says for this robbery two men have been arrested and are now in jail at Dallas, Texas, serving out their sentences, but Burton declares they are innocent of the crime, as he did it alone. From Texas he went to Arkansas and committed a robbery, and then went to Colorado. In looks Burton is rather above those who are classed as criminals, and looks more like a well-educated and well-raised gentleman. He is very jovial and free in talk, and is quite entertaining to those around him.

\$2,500,000 STOLEN.

[With Portrait.]

The Mechanics' National Bank, of Newark, N. J., was supposed by all who knew it to be the soundest and one of the most conservative banks in the State. Its capital stock was half a million, its reserve was \$400,000 and it had \$65,000 of undivided profits on hand after paying the seven per cent semi-annual dividend which had been paid regularly every six months for a number of years. The bank stock was actually worth in the market \$180. Its officers were eminent men in business circles; its cashier was a vestryman in the Trinity Protestant Episcopal church; its credit was good and its sworn report showed financial solvency and prosperity in every line.

For twelve years the prosperity of the bank has been a sham. During all that time the cashier, Oscar L. Baldwin, by his own story, has been a thief, and the directors of the bank as well as the official examiner have been guilty of swearing to statements that were not "of their own personal knowledge, true." On Sunday, Oct. 30, the bubble burst. The cashier had confessed embezzlement and acknowledged that he had taken about \$2,500.

000 from the bank and had informed the directors that they could not go on.

Baldwin stated voluntarily that about the year 1873 he began to make loans to C. Nugent & Co., tobacco manufacturers, without securing the sanction of the directors. Having been in the power of Nugent & Co., he increased the accommodations, sometimes from \$50,000 in one month, till the total amounted to over \$2,500,000.

The manner in which this business was transacted was this: Nugent would give drafts on friends in New York, which would be credited him as cash, and Baldwin would use the bank's money to take up drafts when due. The books were falsified as to show the amounts to be correct. Finally, however, the losses were placed in the account of the Mechanics' Bank of New York, agent of the Newark bank, so that while it appeared the Newark bank had claims for \$2,000,000 against the New York bank, in truth the Newark bank owes the New York bank \$200,000. This difference is almost wholly due to the irregular transactions with Nugent. He said he had speculated very little and lost nothing in that way.

Oscar L. Baldwin was arrested and his bail fixed at \$35,000, which was furnished by some of the wealthiest citizens of Newark. Christopher Nugent, the head of the firm of C. Nugent & Co., was also arrested and the property of the firm attached.

WITH HIS BOOTS ON.

Muncie Burns Killed While Committing a Burglary in St. Louis.

Muncie Burns, a noted burglar, was shot and killed in St. Louis, Mo., on the 28th ult., by Policeman Kirchner. While the family of Seymour D. Thompson, Judge of the Court of Appeals, were at supper, the servant girl rushed into the room and said that somebody was upstairs. The judge and his son ran out into the hall and found the front door open. They saw two men walking away from the house, and they followed them. The men quickened their pace when they discovered that they were followed, and jumped into a light spring-wagon which they had left on the street with another man. Just then the Thompsons saw officer Kirchner, and told him that the men in the wagon had burglarized their house. Kirchner stopped the wagon and the men got out, and two of them ran off. Muncie said:

"You run off, will you? I'll kill the —!" and he pulled his revolver and began to back off, evidently wishing to get away without firing his pistol.

Kirchner fired at Muncie, the ball severing the femoral artery of the left leg. Muncie ran a few steps and dropped in front of the Lafayette Park police station. A doctor soon after bandaged his leg, but he died in a short time. The men who were with him were chased a short distance by Sergeant Palmer and Officer Corcoran, and finally caught. One shot was fired at them, but without effect. They proved to be James King and Charles Davis, alias John Mahr, local crooks. Burns, however, has a reputation in other cities. The only thing they got from Judge Thompson's residence was an opera-glass, but when discovered by the servant girl they had carried a lady's trunk to the head of the stair-way, and several suits of clothes belonging to the judge—all he had—were found in the hall below.

"WELL, I'LL COPPER YOU."

An Enraged Tiger-Hunter Takes a Shot at the Animal.

At 7:30 on Monday evening Joshua, better known as "Joss" Hamlin, who has lately been employed as a door-keeper at Garfield's faro bank, No. 14 Kearney street, San Francisco, entered Henry White's game at No. 13 Third street, and began playing. He was under the influence of liquor at the time and the loss of several dollars caused him to loudly announce that Jimmy Sanderson, the dealer, was using a sanded deck and drawing two cards from the box at once. Sanderson refused to recognize any further bets by Hamlin and ordered him out of the place, with which request the latter refused to comply. Hamlin laid down a five-dollar gold piece and asked for a "copper" with which to cover it, and, on Sanderson declining to give him one, he suddenly drew a revolver from his hip pocket and exclaimed: "Well, I'll copper you." He fired two shots directly across the table, the muzzle of the weapon being within four feet of the aggravating dealer's face. Strange to say, even at this close range neither of the shots took effect, probably owing to Hamlin's unsteady hand, and the only results were a damaged wall and an indiscriminate scattering of the score of players surrounding the "layout." A large crowd, attracted by the sound of the firing, collected about the door and in the confusion the shooter escaped, but was soon after captured on Kearny street by Officer Price, who charged him with drunkenness, carrying concealed weapons, discharging fire-arms and assault to murder. Hamlin was formerly a special officer in the Chinese quarter, and from his connection with the moon-eyed heathen it is supposed he derived the title of "Joss." A general closing up of the various games is anticipated by the sporting fraternity.

BOB AND LENA.

The Romantic Story of a Young Man Who Tried to Poison Himself.

Robert Bernard, a Canadian saloon-keeper in Buffalo, N. Y., was taken to the hospital Friday night by Officer Griffin on a charge of attempting to commit suicide. Bernard, who is 21 years of age, formerly kept a saloon at 253 Michigan street and has fits of melancholy lately brought on by domestic trouble.

A reporter called upon him at the jail and heard from him the following strange story:

"I came from Canada about 18 months ago, and I first met Lena Lambe, who calls herself my wife in the 253 Michigan street saloon. At that time I was only 18 years old. She appeared to be very devoted to me, and somehow she exercised a spell over me that I could not break. In vain I tried to shake her off, but at every effort she clung to me closer. One day she plied me with liquor, and a sense of drowsiness overcame me. She continued this treatment for three days, and on the night of the third day, Oct. 28, 1880, I was made to enter a hack with her and we were driven to the Grace Methodist Church on Michigan street. All this time I was under the influence of some powerful drug, and did not know distinctly what transpired at the church. The next morning she informed me that I had married her, and for the first time light dawned upon me that I had been drugged and forced into a marriage compact.

"At that time I was engaged to Lena Lambe, a young Canadian girl, and words cannot express the remorse I felt. I was haunted night and day by visions of the young girl to whom I had been so unfaithful. Meanwhile, the woman whom I had married made my life a perfect hell, and forced me to buy the saloon at 253 Michigan street. Growing tired of my aged wife, I determined to sell out and leave the city. Lawyer Wierling managed the sale, and I received \$500 for the saloon. This money was handed to me in Wierling's office and with it I made up my mind to go to Chicago. My wife pleaded with me to take her to Chicago, and unable to resist her demands I took her with me. We registered for a few days at the Burdick House in Chicago, but subsequently moved into a cheaper place on Adams street. Wednesday night we retired together, and I rolled up my \$500 and placed it under my pillow. During the night she absconded with the money and decamped. When I awoke I felt as if I had been drugged, and the room was impregnated with a strange odor. I endeavored to open the door, but it was locked and the key gone. Dressing myself, I made a scaffold of the chairs and table and crawled out through the transom and dropped into the hallway. In my pocket I had enough money to bring me to Buffalo, where I met my wife, and she induced me to take her to Hamilton, Ont. I left her there, and on Friday returned to this city, and heart-broken at the treatment of poor Lena whom I so sincerely love, I took the laudanum to end my existence. After I had married the woman, if we were ever married, I learned that she had three husbands living and that she had been Mrs. Vann, Dunlap and Quinn before her name had been changed to Bernard. Learning this I employed Lawyers Wierling and Hinson to secure a divorce, and proceedings have been instituted. After the divorce is granted I hope Lena will marry me, for my love for her has no limit."

A CLERGYMAN'S TROUBLE.

Four sisters in Montreal not long ago laid an epistolary siege to an English clergyman living in London, who was rich but in his dotage. One of the four is a widow, not so well favored as her sisters, but possessed of much cleverness and perseverance. The clergyman having expressed a desire to possess likenesses of the sisters, the widow secured the services of a photographer whose skill enabled him to produce a picture minus the present ugliness of the original and plus in any attractions to which she could have never laid claim. The picture vanquished the clergyman. He proposed, was accepted, and, presently falling ill, sent for the widow. But her appearance failed to justify the expectations which had been formed of her, and her explanation that the voyage and her distress at his condition had impaired her good looks did not satisfy the suitor. He refused point blank to marry her, and presently died in the arms of some one else. His family finally offered to pay the widow \$1,000 if she would leave England and them in peace. To this she agreed, but since her return to Montreal has repented of the easy terms she made and sent her lawyer to London to push a larger claim. It is said that both families are well connected, and there is much consternation among their friends. All the fools are not dead yet, and if some of them take the lesson of this scandal to heart it will not have been hatched in vain.

NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT.

An incident which out-Herods anything ever heard off, occurred on the north-bound afternoon train on the Cleveland, Mount Vernon and Columbus Railroad. At Orrville a man and woman, judged by their dress and

language to be Italians, and by their actions to be drunk, got on the train with tickets for Cleveland. Their conduct was very lascivious. Between Portage and Akron, in spite of the presence in the car of three ladies and two men, they openly committed a nameless act. At Akron they were reported to Depot Policeman Ross, but they were allowed to proceed on their journey.

PISTOLS AND POLICEMEN

Figure in a Kansas City Street Sensation, in Which a Prominent Couple Assist.

A great deal of excitement was caused on Fifth street, Kansas City, last week, by the actions of a well dressed lady and gentleman in a buggy. Just about dark a buggy was seen to drive up in front of the Western Union telegraph office. The gentleman in the buggy was well dressed, young, good looking and very dark complexioned. At that moment a fine looking woman, coming down out of the building by the central stairway, suddenly stopped and exclaimed: "My God." The man tried to force her to get into the buggy. She replied that he would kill her.

"Well, here, then," he said, "take my pistol," and he handed her a self-cocking Smith & Wesson revolver. Meanwhile a small boy had gone for a policeman and an immense crowd had congregated. The woman however, got into the buggy and drove off with her companion holding the shining revolver in her hand.

Officer Houghton was called and started to drive both parties to the station house, the woman saying that the man was her husband, but that she did not dare to remain with him for fear of her life. At Fifth and Main streets the man got out. The woman was taken to the central station and then to a hotel.

The lady gave her name as Mrs. —, saying she was the wife of a traveling man and three weeks ago had sued for a divorce. He sent for her to go out riding and she went resolved to return to him if he promised to be himself. She says that drink and jealousy have brought about this state of affairs.

A LUCKY JEHU.

The elopement of Mrs. Guerney with her groom, which scandalized England a generation ago, has been paralleled by the flight of Mrs. Grant, of Bodmin, in Cornwall, with her coachman. The *Full Mall Gazette* thus recites the case:

Major and Mrs. Grant have lived at Bodmin since their marriage, five years ago. They occasionally visited Mr. Littleton, Mrs. Grant's brother, at his residence, Trewhiddle, bringing their coachman with them. It was while on such a visit to Trewhiddle that the elopement occurred. Major Grant has been in the habit of spending his holidays in Canada, chiefly for the sport that country affords. Occasionally he has been accompanied by his wife, but on his last visit to Canada, whence he recently returned, she did not go with him. Friday morning last the Major and Mr. Littleton went out at five o'clock for a day's cub-hunting. Mrs. Grant seems to have communicated this intention to the coachman, and soon after the two gentlemen had set out she and the coachman drove off in a light carriage to the Porpoint. On reaching the ferry they alighted, and the coachman gave an extra five shilling to take the carriage back to Trewhiddle House. The boatman says the couple had with them a box and portmanteau. Mrs. Grant was wearing an ulster; the coachman was "respectably dressed," and not in livery. On getting out of the boat a cab was called and they were driven off to Devonport Southwestern station. Mrs. Grant was married when she was eighteen and is now twenty-three. Her husband is forty. She leaves behind her two children. She has lately become possessed of a considerable fortune in her own right. The coachman is about the same age as Mrs. Grant and is said to be "a good-looking man." The police have had information of the elopement, but up to present time no news of the runaways has been obtained.

LACK OF LUCRE.

Causes a Lover to Decamp and his Fiancée to Commit Suicide.

Emma Oswald, aged 18, of Mount Washington, Pa., committed suicide last week by taking poison on account of disappointed love. She was engaged to be married to a young man named Stackhouse, and Sunday was the day set for the wedding. The young lady with her friends had assembled at the church, but when the hour arrived, Stackhouse failed to keep his appointment, instead of which he packed his trunk and left for parts unknown. After waiting in the church for an hour the heart-broken young lady was taken home by her friends. She afterwards became apparently reconciled, but she took laudanum and thus ended her unhappy existence. The young man has since turned up, and states the reason for not marrying the girl was lack of money.

A CHINESE lottery agency in San Francisco has been raided by the police, who discovered about sixty white men purchasing tickets. The police arrested the Chinaman, but were unable to touch the white men.



TAFFY FOR VOTES.

HOW A CANDIDATE FOR OFFICE, WITH AS MUCH BRAINS AS MONEY, MADE HIMSELF SOLID IN HIS DISTRICT WITH THE AID OF HIS PRETTY WIFE AND PACKAGES OF CHEAP TEA; NEW YORK CITY.



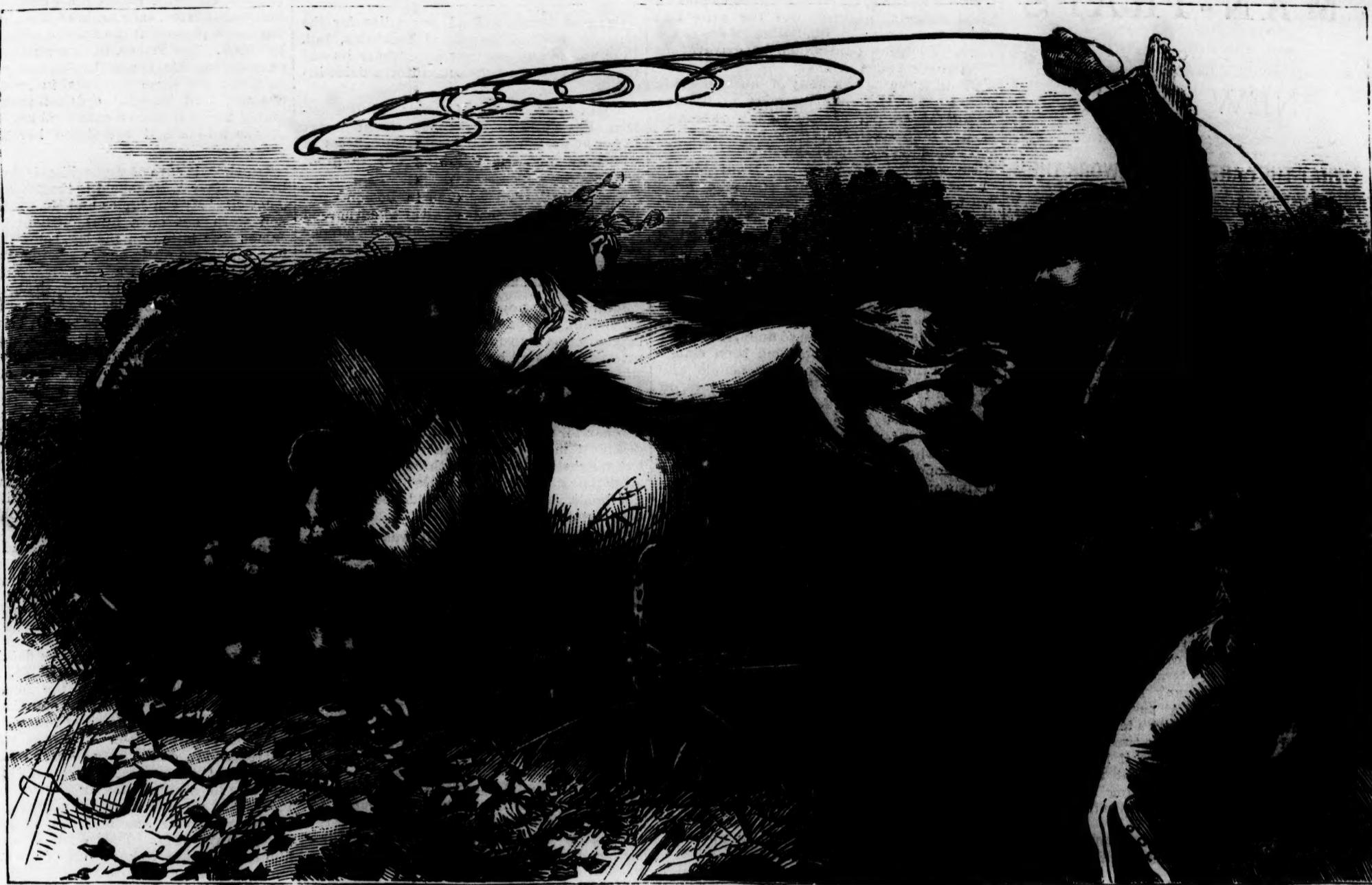
HANDS UP!

AND POCKETS OUT—TWO LEADVILLE BEAUTIES BENT ON A RACKET, REPLENISH THEIR EMPTY PURSES AT THE EXPENSE OF A MINER WITH MORE MONEY THAN PLUCK.



BOUND TO GLORY, HALLELUJAH!

IN A QUARTZ WAGON—HOW A PARTY OF GAY GIRLS WHO DID NOT BELIEVE IN HOOFING IT, TOOK A PERILOUS RIDE DOWN A MOUNTAIN ROAD; NEAR GEORGETOWN, CO.



LASSOING A SWEETHEART.

THE MEANS ADOPTED BY A MEXICAN ROMEO TO SAVE HIS JULIET FROM PERFORMING A REALISTIC MAZEPPO ACT ON THE TRACKLESS PLAINS OF NORTHERN MEXICO.



THE WIZARD'S DANCE.

HOW A PARTY OF SPIRITUALISTS, AT THE WITCHING HOUR OF NIGHT, WHEN GRAVEYARDS YAWN, ENDEAVORED TO LOCATE A GOLD MINE IN THE WOODS NEAR CHEMUNG, N. Y.

THE
MAN-TRAPS
OF
NEW YORK.

WHAT THEY ARE AND WHO WORK THEM

BY A CELEBRATED DETECTIVE.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

The operator puts down his silver dollar, the ninety-five cents change is shoved toward him. "I don't want to carry all that silver," he says, placing the ninety-five cents on top of the trade dollar and producing an extra nickel. "Give me two dollars for this," and it generally takes the shopkeeper over an hour to find out he has been swindled out of ninety-five cents.

The candy men with some circus shows are adepts at this game. They receive a ten-dollar note to change, and count out the change by having a two-dollar bill doubled on the top of a pile which they count over their fingers, clasping the notes in the middle. "Two and two are four," they say, counting both ends of the doubled note, and continue in regular manner to make up the balance of the change and hand the change to the victim nicely rolled up. The victim thinks he has seen all the change he requires, and pushes it into his pocket without counting it over.

Another swindler was largely perpetrated in this country when many bad counterfeits were in circulation. A passer of "queer" would rush into a store with a ten-dollar note and would say, "give me two two's and a one for this," and the storekeeper, if intending to be dishonest, would throw out the change asked for without hardly looking at the bill further than to see it was for double the change asked for.

All schemes of this kind are called "flim-flam" by the men engaged in them, and to be a successful operator it requires self-possession with a good nerve, and generally a good talker to get himself out of difficulty when caught. There is always some person who is willing to advance them money if they are good in their business, and the field of operation is so large that it takes months to exhaust a new scheme. Many storekeepers have been victimized to such an extent that they suspect something is wrong the moment change for a note is requested.

CHAPTER XI.

SMALL SWINDLES TO BEWARE OF.

For the benefit of the stranger who may have the good fortune to peruse these pages I give a brief but thorough sketch of the principal swindles other than those I have treated of at length. A word to the wise is said to be sufficient. A good many hundred words ought, therefore, to be an ample safeguard.

Undoubtedly one of the principal reasons why New York is celebrated for its large army of petty swindlers, or, as they style themselves, "fakers," is its plenitude of country visitors who are continually pouring in, intent on seeing the sights of Gotham. Our average country cousins fondly imagine themselves to be awfully shrewd, and as a consequence discover the contrary before they get through.

The fakers are, as a rule, young men, ranging in age from twenty to twenty-six years. Their clothes bear the unmistakable cut of the cheap tailor, their jewelry and faces are brazen, and their whole bearing is that of a Bowery dive heeler. Their "eloquence" is something marvelous. Taken all in all, to the unsophisticated countryman this individual bears a striking resemblance to his ideal of a city swell.

The tricks of the gentry are many and varied, and each has his own peculiar line, which he works for all it is worth. The prize package "fakers," for instance, travel in squads of threes and fours, one playing the part of salesman while the others single out the victim, kindly pointing out the package containing the big prize, while the others spend their time in drawing large prizes. Thinking he has struck a bonanza, the unsuspecting victim too often invests his money, whereupon the philanthropist takes up his valise and departs to fresh fields and pastures new, while the crowd disperses, to meet again at a corner previously agreed upon.

Another branch of the profession is that of selling fifteen cent rings and fifty cent watches for about ten times the amount of their value.

The gentlemen earning an "honest penny" by this charitable work travel alone, along the thoroughfares in the neighborhood of ferries and railroad depots, and watch for their dupes. Choosing their victim, they saunter up to him mysteriously, and with many knowing winks and mysterious gestures, take him aside. They then nervously bring forth a ring or other article of jewelry, remarking:

"Of great value, cribbed it you know, 'fraid I'll be bagged if I hock it. Buy it for eight dollars?"

Of course the countryman wants to make a good bargain, haggles over the price, and finally buys it for about half what he was asked for it. The price paid would be extravagant for a gross of such articles.

Of all these tricks that of auctioneering cigars has yielded perhaps more profit than any of the others. This device is worked with a show of respectability by which many unwary smokers have been entrapped.

The operators first secure a vacant store in one of the principal avenues and hang out a red flag. Connected with the enterprise are about half a dozen hangers-on, besides the ostensible auctioneer. A large stock of bad cigars is then obtained, and everything is in readiness to proceed.

As the auctioneer generally has a voice capable of being heard a block away, the place is soon crowded by a curious throng of pedestrians, who are given to understand that the goods are imported and had been smuggled. In this way, too credulous people who imagine they are buying imported cigars, on arriving home with their "bargain" find out too late that they have merely paid an extortionate price for a box of cabbage leaves.

In working the little game the hangers-on always open the bidding and keep leading the victim on to pay higher prices, a plan similarly observed in the mock auctions described in another chapter.

The excursion swindlers" are a class that were prevalent a few years ago. They would open an office on one of the principal streets, fit it up handsomely, and when the would-be excursionist called he would be received in the most courteous manner, and on the payment of a stipulated sum would be presented with a card purporting to give him passage up the Sound or elsewhere on the water. The date of the excursion was printed on the ticket but no particular steamer or starting place was mentioned on its face; but this was a matter of small consequence, as the gentlemanly projector of the excursion informed the purchasers of tickets that a certain vessel would leave a certain pier at a certain time. In many instances several hundred people assembled on the pier indicated, and after waiting for hours for the steamer made up their minds that they had been victimized.

Another trap is the dead relative swindle. In some cases well dressed young men will manage to obtain an introduction to their intended victims, and after having made a good impression will disappear for a few days. When they return it will be with the information that a brother, sister or some other relative has died suddenly in some remote place, and it being after banking hours would the victim loan sufficient money until the next day, so that the body could be brought on to this city. On many occasions the money is advanced, and the victim sees the last of his charitable loan when the borrower leaves his house or office.

In other cases the bogus bereaved persons beg enough to bury the corpse from door to door, and generally tell of a sick mother, crippled sister, etc., to excite the sympathies of the householders.

The Bowery is full of petty man-traps in which no end of victims are caught from day to day. One of these was admirably described lately by a reporter in a daily paper, who wrote as follows:

Strolling up the Bowery, a reporter of the *Bladder* allowed his gaze to wander over the gorgeous paintings that decorated the hospitable entrance to the European Museum. There were enticing pictures of a fire king, a fat woman, a ghost, a guillotine, some snakes, and a boy magician, done in appropriate colors and on a gigantic scale. A gentleman at the door said the admission price was only ten cents, and otherwise seemed to put it out of the reporter's power to pass on. Accordingly the ten cents was paid and entrance obtained to this "World's Fair of Wonders."

The reporter beheld with interest an Indian princess, clad in birch bark, reclining on a divan, and was proceeding to look at the "Burning of Moscow" through a round piece of glass set in the side of the room when his attention was attracted to a group of eight or ten men in front of the Bohemian glass blowers' stand. The Bohemians were not at work just at that time, but a gentleman who was behind the glass case containing specimens of their skill was toying listlessly with a pasteboard box filled with envelopes, which were set up on edge. There were about fifty envelopes, and they were of such a length and width as to completely fill the box, without leaving any interstices.

The gentleman behind the glass case lifted out one of the envelopes by its edge and took from it a card on which was printed:

\$10. or the Fleet of Glass Ships.

A miniature fleet of vessels made of glass was one of the handsome prizes in the case. He put the card back in the envelope and toyed with it while he explained what he was going to do.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Hush Money; or, the Murder in the Air," commences in No. 219. Don't miss it.

HUMAN ODDITIES.

CHARLES DETER walked five miles for the purpose of killing his wife at Yorktown, Ind. Finding her with some visitors, whom he was too polite to disturb, he committed suicide instead.

A MAN by the name of Kibble, of Greensburg, Pa., while in the woods recently, was bitten by a large spider, from the effects of which he died the following day in great agony.

There is a Bachelors' Club in Boston composed of thirteen members, all of whom agreed to resign their membership and give a supper if ever they became married. Mr. Moses King, so the Boston papers tell us, is the first to pay the penalty, and has done so gracefully.

JOHN HUNNELL opened a bar-room at Evansville, Ind., and one of his first and heaviest drinkers was his youthful bar-keeper Tom. This grieved John, and he refused to sell any more whiskey to Tom; but Tom resented this prohibition, and shot John dead behind his bar.

McPHERSON, of Toledo, had been a hard drinker for many years when his wife, on her deathbed, made him solemnly pledge himself to total abstinence. After three days without alcohol he gave up the struggle; yet he would not break his vow, and suicide became his desperate resort.

One intoxicated man said it was a bundle of rags that lay on a window sill 200 yards away, at Austin, Texas, and his companion said it was a woman's head. They made a bet and decided it by shooting at the object; but neither won, for it was a boy's head which the bullet grazed.

So many seized pistols have accumulated in the Memphis, Tenn., court, that Judge Horrigan has issued an order directing the clerk to throw all, except army or navy pistols, that has been in his hands more than six months, into the Mississippi River, and into such deep waters that they cannot be fished out.

A TAILOR in New Jersey who had a case in court lately undertook to bribe the judge by pretending to him that there was a wager regarding his size, and, after measuring him, leaving at his home a vest which was an exact fit. But it didn't work and the ingenious tailor was openly reprimanded in court.

The evidence against a St. Louis criminal was so conclusive that his counsel made no speech in his defense, knowing that nothing could be said in his favor. This proved a lucky course, for one of the jurors refused to convict, saying that the prisoner must be innocent, else his lawyer would have spoken for him.

A BAPTIST minister named L. H. Moore, aged 73, a resident of Rhea county, Tenn., was sentenced to the penitentiary on a charge of incest with his daughter. The supreme court affirmed the sentence of the lower court, but concluded that the testimony was insufficient for conviction and set the aged prisoner at liberty.

A WIDOW applied to the Mayor of Allegheny for aid. She had not a morsel of food in her house and was about to be ejected for non-payment of rent. Her distress was not the result of poverty, she explained, for she was very wealthy: and she showed his Honor the deed of 10,000 acres of Kentucky land, worth \$100 an acre, but now unproductive.

BLACKJACK is a Missouri town of some sentiment, notwithstanding its name, for it has just had an elopement involving a furious pursuit of the flying pair by the girl's father on horseback, a charge of shot fired scattering into their backs, a runaway by all the scared horses, a fight between the two men and the final triumph of the lovers.

AN Ohio clergyman was advised by his physician to take a sun bath. While luxuriating in the rays of old Sol in an opening in a piece of woods, he was surprised by a party of hunters. From sheer modesty he ran, and they, thinking him to be a wild man, pursued and captured him. He was dragged before a Justice of the Peace, where mutual explanations led to his release.

JOHN E. MILLER, of Boston, was a drunkard and wife beater, yet he was so sensitive to criticism that, on being upbraided by her for his bad conduct, he committed suicide in her presence. Richard Kirk, of Mobile, shocked his affianced wife in a similar manner. When she intimated that their engagement must be broken off and refused to see him except in the presence of a witness, he blew out his brains, and she went into convulsions at the sight.

CARRIE CARR and J. J. Underwood met casually in a store at Bear Creek, Tenn. A rumor that she was about to be married was mentioned, and she said, "Oh, no; nobody will have me." "I'll take you," he replied. An engagement was made to meet at an appointed time to have the marriage ceremony performed. Underwood says it was all a joke; neither party intending matrimony, and he did not make his appearance. But she claims that they were both in sober earnest, and has brought a suit for \$10,000 damages.

THE Prince of Condal, in India, has just been

the central figure of a remarkable series of marriage festivities, having wedded on seven successive days seven beautiful and accomplished maidens, daughters of some of his high dignitaries, each bride of the preceding day being present at the nuptial ceremony of her rival. The Prince, in order not to excite envy among his seven brides, presented to each one the same presents in jewelry and dresses, and likewise ordered their apartments to be arranged exactly alike. Not one of the brides had completed her fifteenth year.

THIS heroic cure of snake bite is published by Mrs. Mary A. Mansfield in the Sanford, N.C., Journal: "My son James and Mr. C. W. Thigpen were out on a hunt on Sept. 28, when James was bitten on the leg, below the knee, by a very large rattle-snake. Being five miles from home, he bound a cord tight above the wound, and then split his leg to the bone right at the wound. After bleeding about a pint he stopped, cleaned, put a charge of powder on the wound, and touched it off with a match which burnt the flesh to a scab around the wound. All he can do now is to cure the

JAMES ALEXIS, while drawing potatoes in his garden in Oswego, N.Y., uncashed a strange-looking reptile which no one in that city can find a name for. It is five or six inches long by two wide; the back is of speckled gray color with red spots, and the belly white; it has a tail two inches long; its head, resembles the turtle's head, but with two nearly upright horns half an inch long on top and horny protuberances on the sides; the legs are slim, resembling a frog's legs, and terminating into feet of five claws each. The body is of oval shape, much like the turtle's, and on the back are prickly points.

A POLICEMAN in Charleston was detailed to watch the catafalque erected in St. Mary's churchyard over the tomb of the Demoiselle de Grasse. He was one of the stanchest and most trustworthy members of the force. He went on post, but soon afterward returned and refused to do the duty assigned him. At his trial at the captain's court he frankly said that he couldn't stay in a graveyard all night. He was not afraid, he said, to go anywhere or to tackle any man, but he couldn't stand graveyards. The chief commanded him for his desire to keep out of graveyards, but as that was no excuse for disobedience of orders a suitable fine was imposed.

JOHN Z. HEINER stole \$200,000 from a telegraph company by whom he was employed in Philadelphia, but his apparent contrition, and the influence of friends, saved him from prosecution. One of the friends was John Wanamaker, the wealthy merchant and philanthropist of that city, who gave him employment as an auditing clerk, and believed he was thoroughly cured of dishonesty. But he was not. By means of a conspiracy with several employees, Heiner lost no time in beginning to rob Wanamaker, and he will go to prison. It is said that his wife, disgusted at his ingratitude, warned him in vain to stop the thieving, and finally informed on him.

A MAN named Adam Castleman, of Casey county, Ky., is the father of a boy only three years old, who stands three feet four inches in height, measures sixteen inches around the calf of the leg, twenty-six inches around the thigh, forty-two inches around the waist, thirty-eight inches around the chest, and weighs one hundred and thirty pounds. The child, his father says, weighed but nine pounds at his birth, but at six months had increased to forty-nine pounds, and then jumped by rapid stages to his present enormous proportions. The child is bright enough, although physicians have counseled his parents not to tax him closely with mental effort. Physically, although so huge for his age, he is strong and healthy, and makes what might be called a wonderful effort at romping around. Castleman and his wife, though both of good size, are neither of them large, and cannot remember any ancestors from whom this prodigious boy could have inherited his extraordinary proportions. They have another child, an infant of three months old, but giving no evidence of following in her brother's footsteps.

WHAT seemed like a commonplace drunken row, except it ended in a homicide, occurred a year ago in a St. Louis saloon. Horace B. Vail went into the place in the course of a spree. Edward Tremain, the keeper, was behind the bar. His wife, a young and pretty woman, sat drowsing at a table, for it was past midnight, and only a knot of bummers were there. Mrs. Tremain engaged Vail in conversation, and induced him to buy a drink for her. Then Tremain became loud in declarations of jealousy, a fight ensued, and Vail was killed by a pistol shot. Tremain was tried and acquitted on the ground of self-defense. The truth now comes out (and Tremain safely confesses it, for he can never be tried again after the acquittal) that he was a hired assassin. Vail stood in the way of an important business scheme, and Tremain agreed to kill him for \$500. The anger and jealousy were mere pretense, the fight being forced upon Vail, who defended himself so desperately that the plea of self-defense was easily sustained, with the aid of a very little perjury, in behalf of the murderer.

THE PRIZE RING.

The Coming Great Battle Between
George Holden, of England, and
Frank White, of New York,
for \$5,000 and the feather-
weight championship
of the world.

How the Match was Made at the Police
Gazette Office—Sketches of the
Pugilists, Etc.

[With Portraits.]

In this issue of the POLICE GAZETTE we publish the pictures of Frank White, of New York, the champion feather-weight pugilist of America, and George Holden, of England, the ex-champion feather-weight of Great Britain, who are to fight in Canada on Nov. 16, for \$5,000 and the feather-weight championship of the world. The match has been the topic of conversation in sporting circles for some time past, and there is every indication that the pugilists will meet in the ring on Canadian soil and that the battle will be a long and desperate one.

Dick Hollywood and Johnny Keating, of Porkopolis, were the last pugilists who fought for the feather-weight championship of America. The stakes were \$5,000 and the battle was fought in Kentucky on April 27, 1868. Keating's arm was broken in the second round and the battle only lasted ten minutes. Hollywood won the title and then retired and went into business.

In the meantime Frank White loomed up and aspired to the title and offered to fight any feather-weight in America. Hollywood sold out his business at Indianapolis, Ind., and came on to Gotham and it was expected that he would be matched to fight White. Hollywood issued a challenge in the POLICE GAZETTE to fight any man living for the feather-weight championship, but no one accepted and he again returned to the West, after announcing that he would retire from the ring. George Fulljames, of Canada, and Frank White then fought with gloves, but the battle ended on the win, tie and wrangle principle. White then issued a challenge to fight Fulljames or any man in the world for \$1,000 a side and upwards. No one responded and White styled himself the feather-weight champion of America and publicly announced he was ready to fight anybody for the title. White's challenge appeared in the sporting press in England and George Holden, one of the pluckiest pugilists that ever stood in the English prize ring, decided to go to America to meet White and fight for the feather-weight championship of the world.

Holden arrived in this country about a year ago and J. E. Johnston, a noted sporting man of Gotham, and proprietor of Lexington Avenue Garden, proposed to find him backers to match him against White.

A challenge was issued in the POLICE GAZETTE, in which Holden offered to fight White for as large a stake as the latter agreed to fight for. White at once notified his backers and they agreed to match him against the ex-feather-weight champion of England for \$2,500 a side. The pugilists, with their backers, met at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Oct. 3 to ratify the match. After a long argument about the amount of stakes, etc., the pugilists came to terms, posted \$250 a side and arranged a match.

The following are the articles of agreement: "Articles of agreement entered into at the POLICE GAZETTE office, New York, on this third day of October, 1881, between George Holden, of Wallsall, England, and Frank White, of New York. The said George Holden and the said Frank White do hereby agree to fight a fair stand-up fight, according to the new rules of the London prize ring, by which the said George Holden and the said Frank White hereby mutually agree to be bound. The said fight to be for the feather-weight championship of the world and the sum of two thousand five hundred dollars (\$2,500) a side, and shall take place on the 16th day of November, 1881. The place of fighting to be named on Nov. 1, 1881, the man winning the toss to give opposite party ten days' notice of the place of fighting.

The men shall be in the ring between the hours of 6 A.M. and 10 A.M. or the man absent to forfeit the battle money. The expenses of the ropes and stakes shall be borne mutually, share and share alike. It is agreed that the pugilists shall fight at catch weights, and that in pursuance of this agreement the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars (\$250) a side is now deposited in the hands of Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, who is selected final stakeholder. The second deposit of two hundred and fifty dollars (\$250) a side to be posted at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Tuesday, Oct. 11, 1881. Third deposit of five

hundred dollars (\$500) to be posted at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Oct. 25, 1881. The final deposit of fifteen hundred dollars (\$1,500) a side to be posted at the POLICE GAZETTE office in the hands of the stakeholder on Tuesday, Nov. 1, 1881.

"The men, or their representatives, shall then toss for choice of fighting ground and the winner of the toss shall name the ground to his opponent or loser of the toss at the time.

"The men or their representatives to meet between the hours of 1 and 2 P.M. on Nov. 1, 1881, to toss, etc.

"The said deposits must be put up not later than 5 P.M. on the days aforesaid, and either party failing to make good the amounts due at that time and place shall forfeit the money down. The referee to be chosen on the ground. In case of magisterial interference the referee, if appointed, or the stakeholder if not, shall name the next time and place of meeting, if possible on the same day, or in the same week, and either party failing to appear at the time and place specified by that official to lose the battle money. The stakes not to be given up unless by mutual consent or until fairly won or lost by a fight, and due notice shall be given to both parties of the time and place of giving the money up. In pursuance of this agreement we hereunto attach our names. FRANK WHITE.
"Witness: JOHN STACK. GEORGE HOLDEN.
ED. PLUMMER."

After the match was made all kinds of rumors floated round. Many claimed that either one or the other of the pugilists would forfeit; others claimed that the match would fall through, but the knowing ones were greatly disappointed when the second deposit was posted and the pugilists began to prepare for the mill.

On Nov. 1 a large crowd of sporting men filled the sporting rooms of the POLICE GAZETTE office, it being the day named for the posting of the final deposit of \$1,500 a side. Among the crowd were Bob Smith, the noted trainer and ex-pugilist, J. E. Johnston, Dr. L. C. Thomas, Edwin Bibby, Johnny Stack and a host of others. After the stakes were posted the pugilists tossed for the choice of ground. Holden won the toss and he notified White on the 6th inst. of the place he had selected for the battle ground.

The starting place will be Erie, Penn., and those anxious to witness the mill will have to leave New York on the 14th inst.

It is understood that Long Point, Canada, will be the battle ground. At last advices both pugilists were finishing their training. White had the experience of Fatty Sheppard, of the Abbey at Boston, while Holden trained under the mentorship of the old, reliable and experienced Dooney Harris. The following is a short sketch of the pugilists:

George Holden was born at Walsall, Staffordshire, England, February 8th, 1842, and at the early age of 18 made his debut in the ring with Charley Lynch, the American champion, both scaling at 8 stone. It will be remembered by old ring-goers that Lynch previous to going over had killed Andy Kelly in the ring at the Palisades on the Hudson, near New York, and was a desperate fighter, and the opinion was prevalent that Holden's backers had overstepped their bounds and that the American champion would hop round George like a coon around a cask, but the sequel proved that Holden's backers did not misplace any confidence in George's ability as a fighter.

The fight took place in the London district where, after a most stubborn battle, both being blind, the Walsall lad was declared the winner, time, 2 hours.

He next fought Jack Lead, of London, the latter being known as "Jem Mace's Stiff Un," and the amount at stake being \$100. The event took place in London, but was not finished. Holden being allowed \$11 to make a draw of it. He was next matched to fight Dollar White, of Halesowen, for £25 a side at 112 lbs. White, however, forfeited. They were afterwards matched twice again to fight, but Holden each time received forfeit.

Holden next met Mick, the Grecian, of Bob Brett's school. The fight took place at Four Crosses, Staffordshire, for £20, and after contesting 36 minutes Mick had to cry hold. enough. He was defeated by Peter Morris, of Birmingham, the wonder, for £50 a side and the feather-weight champion.

His last fight was with Peter Morris for £100 a side and the championship of the feather weights. The affair, however, could not be finished on account of the police the first day they met in Gloucestershire, but after fighting 30 minutes the police put in an appearance. The next rendezvous was Croxall, in Derbyshire, Holden having for two seconds Joe Goss and Jem Mace, while Peter Morris had the services of Tom Allen and Joe Wareham, and after a stubborn battle of two hours the peelers again put in an appearance, much to the disgust of everybody. The referee ordered them to Kingswood Common, near Wolverhampton, on the following Friday, when roughs broke into the ring and each man drew his money.

Holden was next matched to fight Cocksey of Billston, for £25 a side and the feather-weight championship of the Midlands, but as neither could agree as to a rendezvous the affair fell through.

He was next talked of to fight Arthur Cham-

bers, in 1870, but Chambers came to this country and the hopes of making a match were shattered. He was matched to fight a year ago, but received forfeit and remained quiet until induced to come over and make the present match.

Many claim that he has seen his best fighting days, but the ex-champion appears confident that he can punish and stand punishment like he did years ago.

Frank White was born in New York in 1855 and he is 25 years of age. He stands 5 ft. 6 inches in height and weighs 110 pounds in condition. His first fight was with hand-gloves at Harry Hill's sporting theatre, in this city, in the fall of 1875, with Jack Leonard, White scoring a victory in 55 minutes. Three months later White again fought Leonard, but this time with the bones bare, in Weehawken. This was for \$100 a side. White again the victor in 41 minutes.

In January, 1879, White defeated Pete McCarthy in a room on the west side, for a purse of \$350, in 4 rounds, lasting 16 minutes, by an alleged foul. White challenged Kelly immediately after the fight, claiming that no foul was committed when the fight was given against him, and posted \$50 to make a fresh match, but Kelly would not come to time. White then withdrew his money to look for a fresh customer.

On May 15, 1879, White was matched to fight Jim Kelly, with gloves, for a purse. Eleven rounds were fought in 1 hour and 10 minutes and White won.

On Nov. 20, 1879, he again met Kelly and fought for a purse. Kelly won by a foul in 58 rounds, lasting 3 hours and 40 minutes.

In July, 1879, Dick Hollywood challenged the world to fight for \$5,000 a side and the feather-weight championship. White picked up the gauntlet thrown down by Hollywood and offered to deposit \$1,000 with the POLICE GAZETTE and arrange a match, but the ex-champion would not fight, thereby relinquishing his claim to the title of feather-weight champion to White without a struggle.

White was matched to fight Bennie Green, of Providence, R. I., the 3d day of June, 1880, but broke his right arm 3 inches above the wrist while sparring in the Theatre Comique, Providence, R. I., on the back of George Lewis' head. Just previous to going into training on Nov. 30, 1881, White again fought Pete McCarthy for a purse of \$600. This fight was a fast and furious one while it lasted. McCarthy proving himself a game fighter, but not having the endurance of White this battle was won by White in 28 minutes. Sporting men now began to think White invincible and looked earnestly about for some one to make Frank lower his colors and finally settled upon George Fulljames, of Toronto, Canada, who had fought a draw with Jack King, of Troy. Negotiations were entered into and a match was made, the men agreeing to fight at catch weights at \$500 a side. The battle was fought in New York, April 10, 1881, and resulted in a draw, after 14 rounds of severe fighting. Fulljames weighed 25 pounds heavier than White when the men entered the ring. Frank tried very hard to make a new match with Fulljames, and Owney Geoghegan, the noted Bowery sporting man, who was relative of White, offered to back White for from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a side and allow Fulljames 10 pounds advantage in weight. But Fulljames' friends wanted catch weights or nothing in fact, they wanted everything to suit themselves, so it ended.

White then arranged the present match. The POLICE GAZETTE will send a special correspondent to the battle ground and the POLICE GAZETTE will have a sketch of the fight.

SHE PROVED HER LOVE.

"Do you love your Birdie as much now as you did last Thursday?"

It was a beautiful girl who spoke these words as she leaned her head trustingly on the shoulder of a young man whose strong right arm encircled her corset.

"Your heart must tell you that I do, my sweet," he murmured, folding her closely to his breast.

Juliet Mahaffy and George W. Simpson had plighted their troth months ago in the festal Christmas-tide, when the earth was wrapped in a mantle of snow whiteness, and the moon looked down, cold and beautiful, on thronged oyster saloons. It was now July. The snow had given way to the violet and the oyster to the ice-cream. But Juliet's love never wavered. She had for George a calm but intense affection that buried all else in its wondrous depths.

"A true woman never loves but once, and you are my idol," she said to him one night after he had told her that her bustle was coming loose. From that moment each understood the other perfectly.

"But, Georgie, dear," said the girl again, "if you love me with a really and true love, kiss me again."

A shudder passed over the young man's frame, and he changed the subject of conversation. But the girl would not listen.

"You must kiss me," she said, "or you do not love me."

Turning ghastly pale in the dim half light of the turned-down gas, he averted his head and said in a low, choked voice:

"I cannot kiss you."

"Cannot!" shrieked the girl in an agony of grief, clinging to him with the energy of despair, while a deathly pallor overspread her

cheek. "Tell me, Georgie, tell me truly what has come between us?"

For an instance there was silence, and then George W. Simpson said in low, bitter tones every word falling upon Juliet's waiting ears with terrible distinctness:

"I was chewing plug tobacco."

Two minutes later Juliet came into the room kicking stamping along the floor in front of her.

It was a cuspidore.

She had proved her love.—Chicago Tribune.

FINE FIGURES.

Seen by a Reporter in a Turkish Bath Patronized by Ladies.

A female reporter of a western paper has indulged in a Turkish bath and thus describes what she saw there:

A heavy red curtain hung to the floor between two women. The negress outside pushed it slightly and looked into the stall. She saw hanging from hooks at either side and from over the shelves mirror the principal essentials of the female figure. The corner-stone, as it were, of this structure drew together behind a high wooden stool.

"Please don't."

"I suppose you know what to do?"

"No."

"Why, just strip and wrap up in that there sheet on the stool. Then come out and I'll tell you."

Presently emerged thence something very similar to Roosevelt's "vision of death," whereas the attendant opened a rear door with:

"Here's another lady."

The air was hot and dry, and the floor tiles much warmer, and after the manner of a oat with its feet tied in paper, the new-comer hopped into the Turkish bath chair of four.

"Why, it's just like."

"Yes, you have to sweat. Lie down."

The attendant enveloped with a cold, wet towel, and placed it on her patient's forehead. She was a plump, white woman, and she was in a sleeveless red shirt, and gold hoop earrings. Then she went out and more heat came in from a large yellow pipe crossing the room. Four pair of eyes read that "to get your feet warm place them on the floor," while the toes all grow pointing to the blue skylight. involuntarily turned about or turned up.

"Is any one perspiring?" was ventured.

"Yes, indeed."

"It's just terrible."

"My face is dripping."

"How much does one lose in weight by this operation?"

"You'll see after it peels off."

"Nellie"—this is to the attendant—"you surely don't need baths?"

"Four a week does me. Ain't some of you ready?"

She answered herself by feeling under the several sheets. The latest comer was some hundred degrees the warmest.

This was increased as much again after they had traversed a similar sweat-room to a green leather door on the opposite side of the hall.

"Oh!"

Nellie had the sheet in her hand.

"Give it back. Don't you see I can't—can't turn around."

"Don't. Go in."

"Who's there?"

"Nobody."

"Are you coming?"

"Of course; but never mind me."

"Please let me have a towel."

"Pshaw! G'long."

"You should show mercy."

"There, stretch out on the marble, face up."

"Why, it's like a morgue."

"It won't be after you put your head on that pillow and give me a chance at you. It's awful lively this is. Here, limber up!"

Fancy the struggle between modesty and muscle! Muscle rubbed the surface skin loose with her callous palms, soaked her head and foot, and scrubbed all with a barbed wisp, opened up a hose stream that would quench a block afire, and then turned the victim over for a repetition! Splat-a-spat-splat-a-splat! drummed her hands over the quivering flesh in perfect time.

"To quicken the circulation," she said.

Useless to repeat that the circulation was running away with itself. More spat-a-spat-spat and the final douche which swept its victim blinded into a corner.

Nellie dried her charge with a polish that would have told on mahogany and gave it over to the negress. Here acquaintance was renewed with the whilom sheeted figures now swathed in blankets and grouped weirdly about a softly dripping fountain which to many brought the rest of oblivion.

THEY BROKE UP THE GAME.

The other evening a number of Pittsburg ladies who had been informed that their liege lords were in the habit of assembling in a certain saloon and whiling away the hours in the evening by playing cards, determined to put a stop to that kind of work, and by a preconcerted arrangement the wives met together and made a raid on the players. They



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

MME. FANNY JANAUSCHEK.

[Photo, by Sarony.]

Mosher Burnham.

Mosher Burnham, 41 years of age, a policeman of Lansingburg, N. Y., was found dead in Congress street, near Canal street, at 6 o'clock Sunday morning, Oct. 24, by William Donahue. He is supposed to have been shot by burglars, as the house of John Mullin, on Canal street, thirty yards from where the body was found had been robbed. Burnham was shot in the abdomen, and died from internal hemorrhage. He had been eight years a policeman. Burglars' tools were found near the body.

Miko Hennessey.

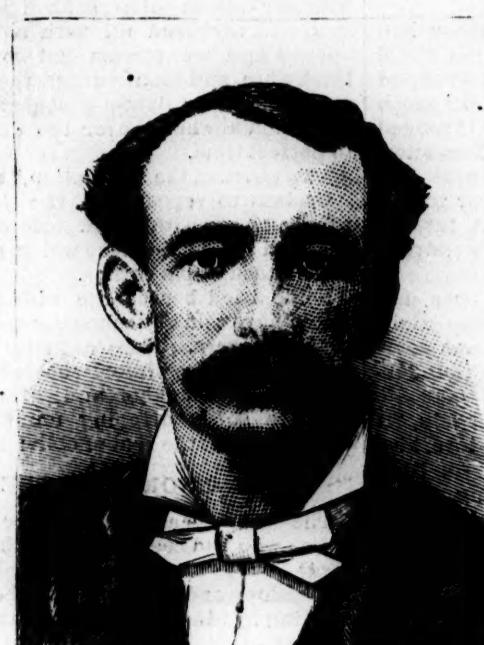
Chief of Detectives Thomas Dovrecaux was shot and killed by Detective Miko Hennessey in New Orleans, La., on the night of Oct. 12th last. The shooting was the result of an old quarrel.

While Dovrecaux was with Mr. Maurice Hart, standing at the counter of Mr. J. W. Fairfax, No. 149 Gravier street, at about 12 o'clock at night, Detective Miko Hennessey came to the door and opened fire.



THEY PRAYED HER CRAZY.

HOW THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER TO DESTROY REASON WAS TESTED ON THE VICTIM OF A FOOL WHO "DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED" BY THREE IDIOTS WHO OUGHT TO BE IN THE TREADMILL INSTEAD OF THE PULPIT; FRANKLIN, N. J.



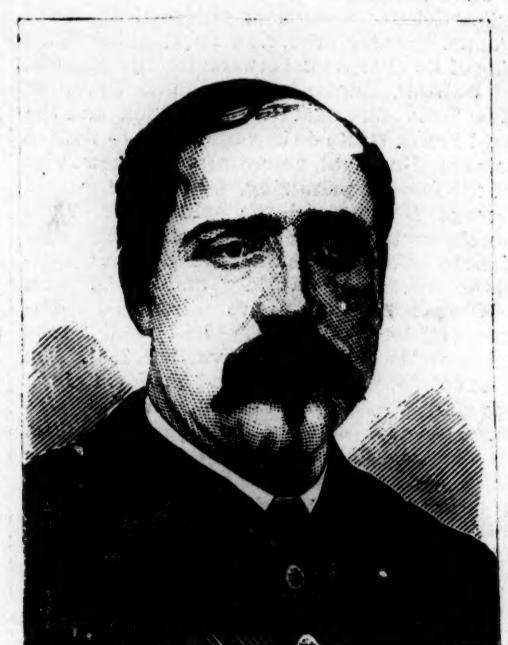
MIKE HENNESSEY.

SHOT CHIEF OF DETECTIVES DVEREAUX, IN NEW ORLEANS, LA., ON OCT. 12TH, 1881.



OSCAR L. BALDWIN.

ARRESTED FOR STEALING \$2,500,000, WHILE CASHIER OF THE MECHANICS' NATIONAL BANK AT NEWARK, N. J.



OFFICER MOSE BURNHAM.

MURDERED WHILE ON DUTY AT LANSINGBURG, N. Y., BY BURGLARS.

Dovrecaux jumped to the door nearest Camp street, while Hennessey retreated toward St. Charles street, both firing. Hennessey fell at the St. Charles street door, at which juncture Detective Dave Hennessey came from the Camp street side, and fired point blank at Dvereaux' head, the brain oozing from above his ear.

Dvereaux fell into the doorway, when Detective Dave Hennessey ran to pick up Mike Hennessey, who, in being carried off, fired a last shot at the prostrate body of Dvereaux.

Dave Hennessey was arrested and charged with the murder. Dvereaux died at 12:15, on the spot where he dropped.

A RESIDENT of Fair Haven, Vt., for quite a while missed wood from his shed, and finally loaded several sticks with powder. The next morning, hearing an explosion at the house of a neighbor, he ran in and found the fire blown out of the stove and the griddle-cakes they were cooking plastered on the ceiling.

A Childish Hero.



H. W. BURTON,

THE STAGE ROBBER; NOW SERVING A LIFE SENTENCE AT DENVER, COL.

Aloin E. Clifton.

Aloin E. Clifton, a noted confidence swindler, is badly wanted at Denver, Col., and various other cities. He was recently caught in New Orleans and taken to St. Louis, where he managed to escape. A reward of \$300 is offered for him. It seems that while in St. Louis the officer having him in charge failed to inform the turnkey that Clifton was a prisoner. Ryan, the jailor, gave the following account of the matter to the officers after the bird had flown:

"Officer Simms brought the man down to me," said he, "saying 'here's a lodger for you; put him in a cell to himself.' I put him in number 10, and did not even lock the cell door. The next morning I told him he might go, never dreaming that he was to be held as a prisoner."

"You did not know, then, that he was a prisoner?"

"Certainly I did not. I would not let out a prisoner for the world. I never had such a thing happen to me in my life."

"Well," said the questioner, "I can tell you you have turned loose on the community one of the worst thieves and the most expert swindler in the United States."

Turnkey Ryan had enough to bear without knowing any more of Clifton's record. He said he was sorry; he had done what little he could to remedy the evil when it was too late. No trace has yet been found of the fugitive.

A little girl of 3 years, who had been attacked and was about to be killed by a so-called tame deer, in San Antonio, Tex., last week, was rescued by her brother who is only two years older than herself. The plucky little fellow seized the angry beast by the horns, and, in spite of vigorous pitching and tossing, held on with great spirit and determination until his mother and a servant interfered and reduced the animal to subjection. The little fellow was badly bruised, and his baby sister was slightly in-



THOMAS B. McKEON,

NOTED CRACKSMAN; ESCAPED FROM THE JAIL AT BRADFORD, PA.

jured. The deer was subsequently killed, it being regarded as too dangerous a pet after such an exhibition of deviltry.

Killed by Jesse James.



ALOIN E. CLIFTON,

CONFIDENCE SWINDLER; ESCAPED FROM THE JAIL AT ST. LOUIS, MO.

about girl, Miller accusing James of "fooling with his girl," when the latter drew a revolver and shot him dead and his body was left by the roadside. The details of the killing are told by ex-bush-whackers and friends of all parties.

Thomas B. McKeon.

Thomas B. McKeon, a noted Bradford, Pa., cracksman, was arrested for complicity in the safe robbery of county funds of \$8,000, at Eagle, Wyoming county, N. Y., on Jan. 18, 1880, and placed in the Wyoming County Jail. He was afterward bailed by County Judge Byron Healy in an immense sum by John L. Greenway, the millionaire brewer of Syracuse. He failed to appear for trial at the last court on account of his failing for a subsequent offense at Bradford, Pa. His bail was forfeited and as a consequence he was again arrested by Chief of Police McCrea of Bradford, on the order of Sheriff C. A. Day of Warsaw. By superhuman strength McKeon burst the handcuffs, overpowered the officers and is again at large. Judge Bangs Leroy, as County Judge ordered a special court for Nov. 10 to try him and his pal, T. B. Carr, alias Kealy, alias Doc. Ryan, an Illinois expert, who is serving a term of twenty years at Auburn for complicity in the same burglary. McKeon is a large-framed, extremely muscular man, with swarthy black hair and whiskers. He has a glass eye. Detectives are on the track.



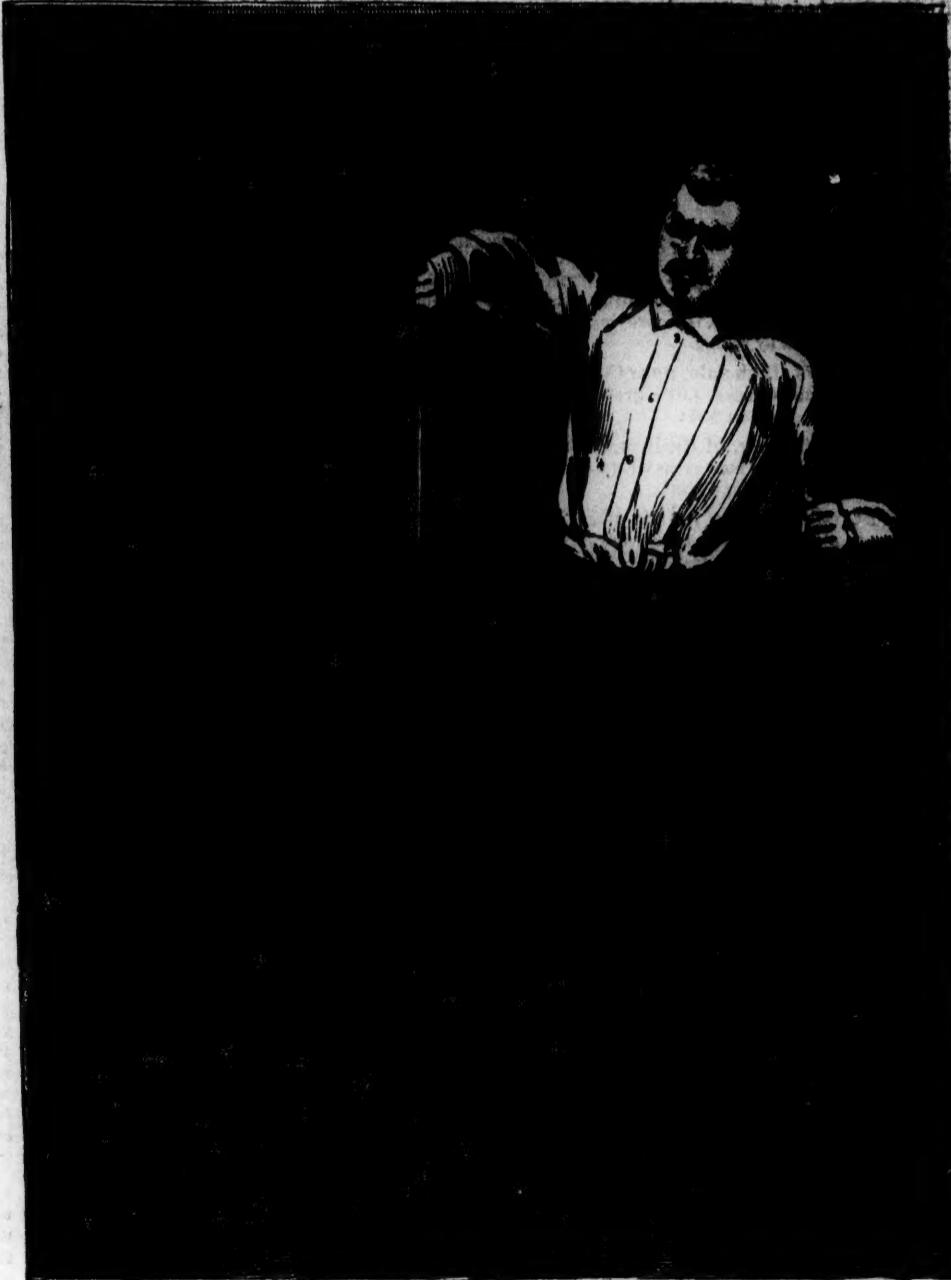
"DEERY ME!"

HOW A SMALL BOY SEIZED THE HORN OF A DILEMMA, WHICH MENACED HIS BABY SISTER AT SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.



THE WHOLE HOG OR NONE.

THE MOONLIT RIDE OF A WILD MAZELLA OF THE ARKANSAS BOTTOMS; WHY DEACON JONES HAS SWORN OFF FROM EATING PORK.



TOO SHARP FOR THE SHARPER.

HOW ONE OF OUR FRENCH VISITORS SAVED HIS PROPERTY FROM THE LAWLESS ATTENTIONS OF A THIEF AT THE CONTINENTAL HOTEL, PHILADELPHIA.

SPORTING NEWS.

Just Out.—Mailed for 30c.

SECRETS OF THE STAGE;

or, Playhouse Mysteries Unveiled. With upwards of fifty superb illustrations and portraits. The cheapest and best work ever published.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher.

HANLAN has declined to row Trickett this fall.

THE Chicago Lacrosse Club has organized for the winter season.

THE English cricketers have left San Francisco for Australia.

THE Louisville Eclipse base ball nine has won 36 out of 46 games.

ALEXANDER (2:19) will be in Turner's stables at Philadelphia next season.

THE trotting gelding Fred Casey has been sold to California parties for \$6,000.

W. C. HALL, of this city, paid \$5,000 for W. B. Cecil's 4-year-old gelding Tyrogeton.

HANLAN has postponed his much-talked-of race with Wallace Ross until next season.

THE curling clubs are now beginning to meet and put things into shape for winter play.

J. KING of Chicago will put a man against Dick Fennel to lift a dead weight, for \$200.

SINCE the Louisville dog dispute, \$1,000 has been offered for Pilot, the winner, but refused.

SANTA CLAUS, the trotter, has been sold for \$25,000 to Capt. Wm. Kobe, of San Francisco.

THE Duke, of Westminster's chestnut colt Bend Or will leave the turf shortly for the stud.

CAPTAIN A. H. BOGARDUS is in South Carolina defeating all comers in pigeon shooting matches.

LUCIEN MARC, the wrestler, is now the proprietor of the "Turf Sample Room," at Peoria, Ill.

CARLESS, the pedestrian, still continues in London his attempt to cover 2,500 miles in 1,000 hours.

Ex-Gov. STAMFORD's Wildflower won the special purse for two-year-old trotters at San Francisco in 2:21.

MCCLELLAN has gone into training for his fight with George Ecke, which takes place Nov. 26 in this city.

AT London, Eng., H. C. Daniels again won the 200-yards amateur swimming championship. Time, 8m. 14.8-4s.

THE entries, so far, for the Ennis six-day race in December are Dobler, Hart, Howard, Noremac and Edwards.

TRICKETT failed to defeat Hanlan on the water and he is now trying to out-row him through the St. Louis papers.

AT Fleetwood, recently, Dan Mace drove John Shaw's bay gelding Charlie Champini a mile in harness in 2:20.8-4.

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WHY don't Pierre Lorillard put up some of the \$500,000 he is said to have won on Iroquois and match the latter to run against Lord Falmouth's Bend, or the Derby distance, for \$20,000 a side?

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JOHN SKETCHLEY, of Baltimore, who claims that he has opened 7,750 oysters in one day, and \$6,650 in six days, wants to be matched with J. J. Gilon or J. H. Devonney or any man at the same business.

THE Princeton football team is getting down to fine work, preparatory to its coming struggles with Yale, Columbia and Harvard. The latter feels confident of holding more than its own with the Jersey favorites.

WM. HESS called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Nov. 7 and stated that he cannot find backers, but that he is ready to wrestle Edwin Bibby, Greco-Roman, for the gate money. Hess awaits a reply from Bibby.

THE National Rifle Association has decided that Walter Scott shall not be awarded the first prize in the recent Champions' Ride Match at Creedmoor, because he failed to shoot at the 1,000-yard range within the time assigned.

JOHN DONALDSON, of Cleveland, the tall, burly pugilist that John L. Sullivan whipped with the gloves at Cincinnati, has challenged Charley McDonald, of Canada, to fight according to the rules of the London Prize ring for \$500 a side.

JOHN NEARY, of Norwood, Mass., says he is ready to wager \$500 or \$1,000 that Edwin Bibby can defeat Wm. Muirdon, Clarence Whistler, Duncan G. Ross or Andre Christol, catch-as-catch-can or Greco-Roman best two falls in three.

AT Troy, N. Y., the 28-hour go-as-you-please race between George Dufrane, of New York, and Fred Krohne, the six-day pedestrian, was won by Dufrane, who covered 125 miles, beating Krohne 5 miles. The pugilists only rested one hour.

DR. F. W. CARVER, the American champion rifle shot, says that he is "on the war-path," and is prepared to endeavor to "scalp" Capt. Bogardus or Mr. Mitchell, of Virginia, as a preliminary, if either or both of those gentlemen will come over to England.

CAPT. NICHOLAS DAND, sailing master of the schooner yacht Wanderer, while owned by Mr. James Stillman, of the New York Yacht Club, and more recently in charge of the steam yacht Larline, acted as pilot of the Atlantic during the races for the American cup.

AT St. Catharines, Canada, recently, Morgan, the Canadian runner, for a wager of \$200, ran two-thirds of a mile against the trotter Fulton, trotting one mile. Betting was 6 to 2 on the horse. Morgan won by ten yards, and the knowing ones who lost money claimed the horse was pulled.

PADDY RYAN, the champion pugilist, arrived at Pittsburg yesterday and called on his becker, Richard K. Fox. Ryan has greatly improved in appearance and will go into training on the 1st of December. He feels certain he will win in the approaching big fight.

—*New York Daily News, Nov. 7.*

JOHN L. SULLIVAN states that he is ready to match Capt. James Dalton, of Chicago, to fight Mike Donovan, Queensbury rules, for \$500 a side. A deposit of \$50 has been posted by Dalton at the POLICE GAZETTE office to prove that business is intended. Sullivan and Madden were boxing at the Metropolitan Theatre in New York on Nov. 5.

NO one having accepted the challenge of Michael Donahue to wrestle collar-and-elbow, POLICE GAZETTE rules, at 125 or 126 lbs., for \$500, proves that the many would-be light-weight champions are afraid to meet him. Donahue called at the POLICE GAZETTE office to prove that business is intended. Sullivan and Madden were boxing at the Metropolitan Theatre in New York on Nov. 5.

AT a meeting of the National Rifle Association in New York a communication was received from Major Farr, advocating an international match at Wimbledon between members of the National Guard and the English volunteers. He said that \$2,000 had already been promised to defray the expenses of the American marks men to England and back.

JIM KEENAN, the noted turfman of Boston, says he will match an unknown, who is a professional, to run L. E. Meyers 500 yards for a medal valued at \$200 and wager from \$1,000 to \$5,000 that his unknown can beat Meyers. Keenan is the owner of the noted trotter Emma B. Keenan says Meyers can run on the English amateur and professional principle and still be an amateur.

THE New York Daily News says: Louisville's last sensation was a brutal engine controversy, upon which thousands of dollars changed hands. The next sensation will be a six-day cocking match, in which the chanticleers will fight with bayonet heels one inch and a half in length. It is needless for us to state that all the leading political magnates of Louisville will attend the match.

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represent the Empire State in the coming great battle and as he will present a great array of talent on that occasion he should have a grand benefit. Ryan will offer any pugilist in America \$50 that will box him 4 rounds, Queensbury rules, and he is not particular if Sullivan agrees to meet him.

CAPT. A. H. BOGARDUS is now in South Carolina defeating the local champions who pluck up courage enough to meet him before the traps. While Bogardus is wasting his time and reputation in the South Dr. E. W. Carver, the American rifle shot, is in England defeating the crack shots of Great Britain. Bogardus should start at once for England and take the wind out of Carver's sails. On Bogardus' arrival he will find Carver ready to meet him and with plenty of money to wager that he can defeat the champion at shooting 100 birds. Carver kills himself the champion of the world and claims that he is ready to meet all comers for \$1,000 to \$1,500 either with shot gun or rifle.

DR. D. D. DUNNIE and Maclellan are at swords' points on the question of superiority at throwing weights. Dunnie, writing from Scotland, doubts the performances claimed by Maclellan, and says: "I will lay odds that two athletes in Scotland will throw a 56-pound weight over 40 feet, if not confined to a certain shape of weight. I will also back man to throw a 31-pound hammer over 100 feet, without a run. Also, I will back two athletes of this side to beat R. E. Maclellan's young Canadian a putting the stone. If he will arrange to come over here I will allow him one foot start, and will come the same to America. Either or all of these trials can be arranged for whatever sum Maclellan feels inclined. It will also be \$1,000 that, for all Maclellan's boasted performances, he cannot come to this country and be able to win even a third place at throwing hammers or putting stones."

THOMAS J. SWEENEY, of New Haven, Conn., recently forwarded twenty dollars forfeit to the POLICE GAZETTE office and issued a challenge to fight Thomas Donahue, of New Haven, for \$100 a side, Marquis of Queensbury rules. Sweeney's challenge, for some time elicited no response, but on Nov. 10, last, we received twenty dollars from William Schmidauer, of New Haven, Conn., on behalf of Donahue and the following:

"New Haven, Conn., Nov. 4.
To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

"Sir—In reply to Thomas Sweeney's challenge, who styles himself the champion of New Haven, to fight me a glove fight, Marquis of Queensbury rules, for one or two hundred dollars, I will say, that I am not boasting, I will fight him with or without gloves, American prize ring rules, for one, two or five hundred dollars. I will meet Sweeney or his representative, to make arrangements and put up an additional sum. Enclosed you will find twenty dollars to cover Sweeney's deposit."

—*Thomas Donahue.*

THE colors of Paddy Ryan, the champion pugilist, who is to meet John L. Sullivan and fight for \$5,000 and the Championship of the World, will represent America, Ireland and New York. The colors will be a white silk handkerchief, with red, white and blue border, representing the national colors. In the centre is an eagle standing on a globe, the latter colored blue and dotted with stars. In the centre is the inscription, "Paddy Ryan, Champion of America, A. O. H." which are the initials of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. The eagle holds a scroll with the inscription, "POLICE GAZETTE, New York, 1881." In the left hand corner is an Irish harp, in the right hand corner a sunburst. In the lower left hand corner is an American shield, and in the lower right hand corner "Excelsior," representing the seal of New York State. The leading artist in New York designed Ryan's colors, and they will excel any ever seen. Ryan will shortly give an exhibition in New York. The POLICE GAZETTE will shortly have Ryan's colors on exhibition and sale. These colors are the most elaborate and magnificent that we ever designed for any pugilist, no excepting Heenan and Sayers, Howard and King's.

PETER LAWLER, the pugilist of San Francisco, must be styled the champion master of the Pacific Slope. He is constantly challenging pugilists to fight, but he will not put up his money, let alone enter the ring. Lawler's last gulf we slip from a San Francisco paper:

"I am willing to fight any man, on the Pacific Slope, a fight, but will not fight a man a boy's game. Now, if Mr. Hogan wants to put up a purse, that Mr. Keenan can whip me, I will fight him. Keenan, where no admittance is charged, so that the public can be convinced, that it is on the dead square. Now, hoping that Mr. Keenan will, fight me, or some other man on this coast, a retired light-weight champion (who never fought a fight in his life) not barred. Hoping I may be able to make a match with some of the light-weights on this coast, I am the specifically yours," —Peter Lawler.

—*Only Light-Weight Champion on the Pacific Slope.*

WHAT a pity it is that there is no way of making a pugilist who issues such challenges fight. Several sporting men have written us from the Pacific Slope, and claim that Lawler would not fight Keenan if he was paid for it.

THE pugilists are having a lively time in the West. Duncan G. Ross, the Canadian athlete, is traveling giving shows with Richard Pugh and Clarence Whistler, and claims that Wm. Muldoon refused to meet him in a contest after he, Ross, challenged him. Ross may have challenged Muldoon in some country paper, but he never put up a forfeit to prove he was in earnest, therefore Ross' dig was only looked upon as one of the many advertising dodges. Anybody can issue a challenge, but when no money accompanies it it is not considered bona fide. If Ross has an idea he can defeat Muldoon he should crack the following nut and wrestle or fight the burly New Yorker. Read Muldoon's card:

"Macon, Ga., Nov. 7, 1881.
To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:



NEW BUSINESS FOR HAMLET,

WHICH WAS NOT APPRECIATED—HOW AN ANGRY QUEEN TREATED A FEMALE IMPERSONATOR OF THE MELANCHOLY DANE TO AN ALLOWANCE OF PUNCH THAT AFFECTION HER HEAD AND PUT AN END TO THE PLAY.